TOWARDS A THEORY OF CULTURAL HISTORY

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IN the second paragraph of the *Poetics* Aristotle speaks of the differences in works of fiction which are caused by the different elevations of the characters in them. In some fictions, he says, the characters are better than we are, in others worse, in still others on the same level. This passage has not received much attention from modern critics, as the importance Aristotle assigns to goodness and badness seems to indicate a somewhat narrowly moralistic view of literature. Aristotle's words for good and bad, however, are *spoudaios* and *phaulos,* which have the primary connotations of weighty and light. In fictions the plot consists of somebody doing something. The somebody is the hero, and the something he does or fails to do is what he can do, or could have done, on the level of the postulates made about him by the author and the expectations of the audience. Fictions may therefore be classified, not morally, but by the hero's power of action, which may be greater than ours, less, or roughly the same. Thus:

1. If superior in kind both to other men and to the environment of other men, the hero is a divine being, and the story about him will be a *myth* in the narrow sense of a story about a god. Such stories have an important place in literature, but are as a rule found outside the normal literary categories, and enter literature more frequently as content than as form.

2. If superior in degree to other men and to his environment, the hero is the typical hero of *romance,* whose actions are marvellous but who is himself identified as a human being. The hero of romance moves in a world in which the ordinary laws of nature are slightly suspended: prodigies of courage and endurance, unnatural to us, are natural to him, and enchanted weapons, talking animals, terrifying ogres and witches, and talismans of miraculous power violate no rule of probability once the postulates of romance have been established.

3. If superior in degree to other men but not to his natural environment, the hero is a leader. He has authority, passions, and powers of expression far greater than ours, but what he does has immediate social repercussions, and is subject both to social criticism and to the order of nature. This is the hero of the *high mimetic* mode, of most epic and tragedy, and is primarily the kind of hero that Aristotle had in mind.

4. If superior neither to other men nor to his environment, the hero is one of us: we respond to a sense of his common humanity, and de-

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mand from the poet the same canons of probability that we find in our own experience. This gives us the hero of the *low mimetic* mode, of most comedy and of realistic fiction. "High" and "low" have here no connotations of comparative value, but are purely diagrammatic, as they are when they refer to biblical critics or Anglicans. On this level the difficulty in retaining the word "hero," which has a more limited meaning among the preceding modes, occasionally strikes an author. Thackeray thus feels obliged to call *Vanity Fair* a novel without a hero.

5. If inferior in power or intelligence to ourselves, so that we have the sense of looking down on a scene of bondage, frustration, or absurdity, the hero belongs to the *ironic* mode. This is still true even when the reader feels that he is or might be in the same situation, as the situation is still being judged by the norms of a greater freedom.

Looking over this table, we can see that European fiction, during the last fifteen centuries, has steadily moved its centre of gravity down the list. In the pre-medieval period literature is closely attached to Christian, late classical, Celtic, or Teutonic myths. If Christianity had not been both an imported myth and a devourer of rival ones, this phase of Western literature would be easier to isolate. In the form in which we possess it, most of it has already moved into the category of romance. Romance divides into two main forms: a secular form dealing with chivalry and knight-errantry, and a religious form devoted to legends of saints. Both lean heavily on miraculous violations of natural law for their interest as stories. Fictions of romance dominate literature until the cult of the prince and the courtier in the Renaissance brings the high mimetic mode into the foreground. Then a new kind of middle-class culture introduces the low mimetic, which predominates in English literature from Defoe's time to the end of the nineteenth century. During the last hundred years, most serious fiction has tended increasingly to be ironic in mode.

The same progression may be traced in classical literature too, in a greatly foreshortened form. Where a religion is mythological and polytheistic, where there are promiscuous incarnations, deified heroes, and kings of divine descent, where the same adjective "godlike" can be applied either to Zeus or to Achilles, it is hardly possible to separate the mythical, romantic, and high mimetic strands completely. Where the religion is theological, and insists on a sharp division between divine and human natures, romance becomes more clearly isolated, as it does in the legends of Christian chivalry and sanctity, in the Arabian Nights of Mohammedanism, in the stories of the judges and thaumaturgic prophets of Israel. Similarly, the inability of the classical world to shake off the divine leader in its later period has much to do

with the abortive development of low mimetic and ironic modes that got barely started with Roman satire. At the same time the establishing of the high mimetic mode, the developing of a type of literature with a consistent sense of an order of nature in it, is one of the great feats of Greek civilization. Oriental fiction does not, so far as I know, ever get very far away from mythical and romantic formulas.

We shall here deal chiefly with the five epochs of Western literature, as given above, using classical parallels only incidentally. In each mode a distinction will be useful between naïve and sophisticated literature. The former is primitive and popular, and the characteristics of a mode are revealed with great clarity in it. Also there is a general distinction between fictions in which the hero becomes isolated from his society, and fictions in which he is incorporated into it. This distinction is ordinarily expressed by the words "tragic" and "comic" when they refer to aspects of plot in general and not to forms of drama.

Fictional Modes of the Tragic

Tragic stories, when they apply to divine beings, may be called Dionysiac. These are stories of dying gods, like Hercules with his poisoned shirt and his pyre, Orpheus torn to pieces by the Bacchantes, Balder murdered by the treachery of Loki, Christ dying on the cross and marking with the words "Why hast thou forsaken me?" a sense of his exclusion, as a divine being, from the society of the Trinity.

The association of a god's death with autumn or sunset does not, in literature, necessarily mean that he is a god "of" vegetation or the sun, but only that he is a god capable of dying, whatever his department. But as a god is superior to nature as well as to other men, the death of a god appropriately involves what Shakespeare, in *Venus and Adonis*, calls the "solemn sympathy" of nature, the word solemn having here some of its etymological connections with ritual. Ruskin's pathetic fallacy can hardly be a fallacy when a god is the hero of the action, for instance when the poet of *The Dream of the Rood* tells us that all creation wept at the death of Christ. Of course there is never any fallacy in making a purely imaginative alignment between man and nature, but the use of solemn sympathy in a piece of more realistic fiction indicates that the author is trying to give his hero some of the overtones of the mythical mode. Ruskin's example of a pathetic fallacy is "the cruel, crawling foam" from Kingsley's ballad about a girl drowned in the tide. But the fact that the foam is so described gives to Kingsley's Mary a faint colouring of the myth of Andromeda.

The same associations with sunset and the fall of the leaf linger in romance, where the hero is still half a god. In romance the suspension

of natural law and the individualizing of the hero's exploits reduce nature largely to the animal and vegetable world. Much of the hero's life is spent with animals, or at any rate the animals that are incurable romantics, such as horses, dogs, and falcons, and the typical setting of romance is the forest. His death or isolation thus has the effect of a spirit passing out of nature, and evokes a mood best described as elegiac. The elegiac presents a heroism unspoiled by irony. The inevitability in the death of Beowulf, the simple treachery in the death of Roland, are of much greater emotional importance than any complications of hybris and hamartia that may be involved. Hence the elegiac is accompanied by a diffused, resigned, melancholy sense of the passing of time, of the old order changing and yielding to a new one: one thinks of Beowulf looking, while he is dying, at the great stone monuments of the eras of history that vanished before him.

Tragedy in the proper sense, the fiction of the fall of a leader (he has to fall because that is the only way that a leader can be isolated from his society), mingles the heroic with the ironic. In elegiac romance the hero's mortality is primarily a natural fact, the sign of his humanity; in tragedy it is primarily a social and moral fact. The tragic hero has to be of a properly heroic size, but his fall is involved with a sense of his relation to society and with a sense of the supremacy of natural law, both of which are ironic in reference. Tragedy belongs chiefly to the two indigenous developments of tragic drama in fifth-century Athens and seventeenth-century Europe from Shakespeare to Racine. Both belong to a period of social history in which an aristocracy was fast losing its effective power but still retained a good deal of ideological prestige.

The central position of tragedy proper in the five tragic modes, balanced midway between godlike heroism and all-too-human irony, is expressed in the conception of catharsis. The words "pity" and "fear" may be taken as referring to the two general directions in which emotion moves, whether towards an object or away from it. Naïve romance, being closer to the wish-fulfilment dream, tends to absorb emotion and communicate it internally to the reader. Romance, therefore, is characterized by the acceptance of pity and fear, which in ordinary life relate to pain, as forms of pleasure. It turns fear at a distance, or terror, into the adventurous; fear at contact, or horror, into the marvellous, and fear without an object, or dread (*Angst*), into a pensive melancholy. It turns pity at a distance, or concern, into the theme of chivalrous rescue; pity at contact, or tenderness, into a languid and relaxed charm, and pity without an object (which has no name but is a kind of animism, or treating everything in nature as though

it had human feelings) into creative fantasy. In more sophisticated romance the characteristics peculiar to the form are less obvious, particularly in the *Chanson de Roland,* where there is an almost high mimetic sobriety of tone. But the softening influences that work in the opposite direction from catharsis are still there.

In tragedy, however, pity and fear become, respectively, favourable and adverse moral judgments, which are relevant to tragedy but not central to it. We pity Desdemona and fear Iago, but the central tragic figure is Othello, and our feelings about him are mixed. The particular thing called tragedy that happens to the tragic hero does not depend on his moral status. If it is causally related to something he has done, the tragedy is in the inevitability of the consequence of the act, not in its moral significance as an act. Hence the paradox that in tragedy pity and fear are raised and cast out. Aristotle's hamartia or "flaw," therefore, is not necessarily wrongdoing, much less moral weakness: it may be simply a matter of being a strong character in an exposed position, like Cordelia. The exposed position is nearly always the place of leadership, in which a character is exceptional and isolated at the same time, giving us that curious blend of the inevitable and the incongruous which is peculiar to tragedy. The principle of the hamartia of leadership can be more clearly seen in naïve tragedy, as we get it in *The Mirror for Magistrates* and similar collections of tales based on the theme of the wheel of fortune.

In low mimetic tragedy, pity and fear are neither purged nor absorbed into pleasures, but are communicated externally, as sensations. In fact the word "sensational" could have a more useful meaning in criticism if it were not merely an adverse value-judgment. The best word for low mimetic or domestic tragedy is, perhaps, pathos, and pathos has a close relation to the sensational reflex of tears. Pathos presents its hero as isolated by a weakness which appeals to our sympathy because it is on our own level of experience. I speak of a hero, but the central figure of pathos is often a woman or a child (or both, as in the death scenes of Little Eva and Little Nell), and we have a whole procession of pathetic female sacrifices in English low mimetic fiction from Clarissa Harlowe to Hardy's Tess and James's Daisy Miller. We notice that while tragedy may massacre a whole cast, pathos is usually concentrated on a single character, partly because low mimetic society is more strongly individualized.

Again, in contrast to tragedy, pathos is increased by the inarticulateness of the victim. The death of an animal is usually pathetic, and so is the catastrophe of defective intelligence that is frequent in modern American literature. Wordsworth, who as a low mimetic artist was

one of our great masters of pathos, makes his sailor's mother speak in a flat, dumpy, absurdly inadequate style about her efforts to salvage her son's clothes and "other property"—or did before bad criticism made him spoil his poem. Pathos is a queer ghoulish emotion, and some failure of expression, real or simulated, seems to be peculiar to it: it will always leave a fluently plangent funeral elegy to go and batten on something like Swift's choking memoir of Stella. Highly articulate pathos is apt to become a factitious appeal to self-pity, or tear-jerking. The exploiting of fear in the low mimetic is also sensational, and is a kind of pathos in reverse. The terrible figure in this tradition, exemplified by Heathcliff, Simon Legree, and the villains of Dickens, is normally a ruthless figure strongly contrasted with some kind of delicate virtue, generally a helpless victim in his power.

The root idea of pathos is the exclusion of an individual on our own level from a social group to which he is trying to belong. Hence the central tradition of sophisticated domestic pathos is the study of the isolated mind, the story of how someone recognizably like ourselves is broken by a conflict between the inner and outer world, between imaginative reality and the sort of reality which is established by a social consensus. Such tragedy is concerned with mania or obsession, as frequently in Balzac, or with the conflict of dream and waking life, as in *Madame Bovary* and *Lord Jim*, or with the impact of inflexible morality on experience, as in Melville's *Pierre* and Ibsen's *Brand*. The type of character involved here we may call by the Greek word *alazon*, which means boaster, impostor, or hypocrite, someone who pretends or tries to be what he is not. The most popular types of alazon are the *miles gloriosus* and the learned crank or obsessed philosopher.

We are most familiar with such characters in comedy, where they are looked at from the outside, so that we see only the social mask. But the alazon may be one aspect of the tragic hero as well: the touch of *miles gloriosus* in Tamburlaine, even in Othello, is unmistakable, and so is the touch of the obsessed philosopher in Faustus and Hamlet. It is possible to study a case of obsession or hypocrisy sympathetically in a dramatic medium, but it is very difficult to do it from the inside: even Tartuffe, as far as his dramatic function is concerned, is a study of parasitism rather than hypocrisy. The analytic approach belongs more naturally to prose fiction or to a semi-dramatic medium like the Browning monologue. Allowing for this, Conrad's Lord Jim becomes a lineal descendant of the *miles gloriosus*, as we can see if we compare him with Shaw's Sergius or Synge's playboy, who are parallel types in a comic setting. It is, of course, easy enough to take the alazon at his own valuation: this is done for instance by the creators of the inscrut-

able gloomy heroes in Gothic thrillers, with their wild or piercing eyes and their dark hints of interesting sins. But the result is not tragedy so much as a kind of comedy without humour.

The conception of irony meets us in Aristotle's *Ethics*, where the *eiron* is the man who deprecates himself, as opposed to the alazon. Such a man makes himself invulnerable, and, though Aristotle disapproves of him, there is no question that he is a predestined artist, just as the alazon is one of his predestined victims. The term "irony," then, indicates a technique of appearing to be less than one is, which in literature becomes most commonly a technique of saying as little and meaning as much as possible, or, in a more general way, a pattern of words that turns away from direct statement or its own obvious meaning. (I am not using the word ironic itself in any unfamiliar sense, though I am exploring some of its implications.)

The ironic fiction-writer, then, deprecates himself and, like Socrates, pretends to know nothing, even that he is ironic. Complete objectivity and suppression of all explicit moral judgments are essential to his method. Thus pity and fear are not raised in ironic art: they are reflected to the reader from the art. Thus, again, irony is not the same as satire, which is militant rather than objective. Satire implies a moral or social comparison between what it presents and a standard of normality assumed to be in the reader's mind. There are forms of satire, such as invective and "flyting," in which there is relatively little irony. On the other hand, when we try to isolate the ironic as such, we find that it seems to be simply the attitude of the poet as such, a dispassionate construction of hypothesis, with all assertive elements, implied or expressed, eliminated. Irony, as a mode, is born from the low mimetic; it takes life exactly as it finds it. But the ironist, as distinct from the naturalist, describes without "showing" anything, and has no object but his subject. Irony is naturally a sophisticated mode, and the chief difference between sophisticated and naïve irony is that the naïve ironist calls attention to the fact that he is being ironic, whereas sophisticated irony merely states, and lets the reader add the ironic tone himself. Coleridge, noting an ironic comment in Defoe, points out how Defoe's subtlety could be made crude and obvious simply by over-punctuating the same words with italics, dashes, exclamation points, and other signs of being oneself aware of irony.

Tragic irony, then, becomes simply the study of tragic isolation as such, and it thereby drops out the element of the special case, which in some degree is in all the other modes. Its hero does not necessarily have any tragic hamartia or pathetic obsession; he is only somebody who gets isolated from his society. Thus the central principle of tragic

irony is that whatever exceptional happens to the hero should be causally out of line with his character. Tragedy is intelligible, not in the sense of having any pat moral to go with it, but in the sense that Aristotle had in mind when he spoke of discovery or recognition as essential to the tragic plot. Tragedy is intelligible because its catastrophe is plausibly related to its situation. Irony isolates from the tragic situation the sense of arbitrariness, of the victim's having been unlucky, selected at random or by lot, and no more deserving of what happens to him than anyone else would be. If there is a reason for choosing him for catastrophe, it is an inadequate reason, and raises more objections than it answers.

Thus the figure of a typical or random victim begins to crystallize in domestic tragedy as it deepens in ironic tone. We may call this typical victim the *pharmakos* or scapegoat. We meet a pharmakos figure in Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, in Melville's Billy Budd, in Hardy's Tess, in the Septimus of *Mrs. Dalloway*, in all the stories of persecuted Jews and Negroes, in the stories of the artists whose genius makes them Ishmaels of a bourgeois society. The pharmakos is neither innocent nor guilty. He is innocent in the sense that what happens to him is far greater than anything he has done provokes. He is guilty in the sense that he is a member of a guilty society, or living in a world where such injustices are an inescapable part of existence. The two facts do not come together; they remain ironically apart. The pharmakos, in short, is in the situation of Job. Job can defend himself against the charge of having done something that makes his catastrophe morally intelligible; but the success of his defence makes it morally unintelligible.

Thus the incongruous and the inevitable, which are combined in tragedy, separate into opposite poles of irony. At one pole is the inevitable irony of human life. What happens to, say, the hero of Kafka's *Trial* is not the result of what he has done, but the end of what he is, which is an "all too human" being. The archetype of the inevitably ironic is Adam, human nature under sentence of death. At the other pole is the incongruous irony of human life, in which all attempts to transfer guilt to a victim give that victim something of the dignity of innocence. The archetype of the incongruously ironic is Christ, the perfectly innocent victim excluded from human society. Halfway between is the central figure of tragedy, who is human and yet of a heroic size which often has in it the suggestion of divinity. His archetype is Prometheus, the Titan rejected by the gods for befriending the men whom gods call "dying ones." The Book of Job is not a tragedy of the Promethean type, but a tragic irony in which the dialectic of the divine and the human natures works itself out. By justifying himself as a

victim of God, Job tries to make himself into a tragic Promethean figure, but he does not succeed.

These references may help to explain something that might otherwise be a puzzling fact about modern literature. Irony descends from the low mimetic: it begins in realism and dispassionate observation. But as it does so, it moves steadily towards myth, and dim outlines of sacrificial rituals and dying gods begin to reappear in it. Our five modes evidently go around in a circle. This reappearance of myth in the ironic is particularly clear in Kafka and in Joyce. In Kafka, whose work, from one point of view, forms a series of commentaries on the Book of Job, the common types of tragic irony, the Jew, the artist, Everyman, and a kind of sombre Chaplin clown, are all found, and they are combined in Joyce's Shem. However, ironic myth is frequent enough elsewhere, and many features of ironic literature are unintelligible without it. Henry James learned his trade mainly from the realists and naturalists of the nineteenth century, but if we were to judge, for example, the story called *The Altar of the Dead* purely by low mimetic standards, we should have to call it a tissue of improbable coincidence, inadequate motivation, and inconclusive resolution. When we look at it as ironic myth, a story of how the god of one person is the pharmakos of another, its structure becomes simple and logical.

Fictional Modes of the Comic

The theme of the comic is the integration of society, which usually takes the form of incorporating a central character into it. The mythical comedy corresponding to the death of the Dionysiac god is Apollonian, the story of how a hero is accepted by a society of gods. In classical literature the theme of acceptance forms part of the stories of Hercules, Mercury, and other deities who had a probation to go through: in Christian literature it becomes the theme of salvation, or, in a more concentrated form, of assumption: the comedy that stands just at the end of Dante's *Commedia*. The mode of romantic comedy corresponding to the elegiac is best described as idyllic, and its chief vehicle is the pastoral. Because of the social interest of comedy, the idyllic cannot equal the introversion of the elegiac, but it preserves the theme of escape from society to the extent of idealizing a simplified life in the country or on the frontier (the pastoral of popular modern literature is the Western story). The close association with animal and vegetable nature that we noted in the elegiac recurs in the sheep and pleasant pastures (or the cattle and ranches) of the idyllic, and the same easy connection with myth recurs in the fact that such imagery is used in the Bible for the theme of salvation.

The clearest example of high mimetic comedy is the Old Comedy

of Aristophanes. The New Comedy of Menander is closer to the low mimetic, and through Plautus and Terence its formulas were handed down to the Renaissance, so that there has always been a strongly low mimetic bias to social comedy. In Aristophanes there is usually a central figure who constructs his (or her) own society in the teeth of strong opposition, driving off one after another all the people who come to prevent or exploit him, and eventually achieving a heroic triumph, complete with mistresses, in which he is sometimes assigned the honours of a reborn god. We notice that just as there is a catharsis of pity and fear in tragedy, so there is a catharsis of the corresponding comic emotions, which are sympathy and ridicule, in Old Comedy. The comic hero will get his triumph whether what he has done is sensible or silly, honest or rascally. Thus Old Comedy, like the tragedy contemporary with it, is a blend of the heroic and the ironic. In some plays this fact is partly concealed by Aristophanes' strong desire to get his own opinions into the record, but his greatest comedy, *The Birds*, preserves an exquisite balance.

New Comedy usually presents an erotic intrigue between a young man and a young woman which is blocked by some kind of opposition, usually parental, and resolved by a twist in the plot which is the comic form of Aristotle's discovery, and is more manipulated than its tragic counterpart. At the beginning of the play the forces thwarting the hero are in control of the play's society, but after a discovery in which the hero becomes wealthy or the heroine respectable, a new society crystallizes on the stage around the hero. The moment that this new society appears is the moment of the comic resolution, and its appearance is usually signalized by some kind of party, whether wedding, banquet, or dance. The action of the comedy thus moves towards the incorporation of the hero into the society that he naturally fits. The hero himself is seldom a very interesting person: in conformity with low mimetic decorum, he is ordinary in his virtues, but socially attractive.

In Shakespeare and in the kind of romantic comedy that most closely resembles his there is a development of these formulas in a more distinctively high mimetic direction. This is achieved by making the struggle of the repressive and the desirable societies a struggle between two levels of existence, the former like our own world or worse, the latter enchanted and idyllic. The former is the world that admits the justice of Shylock's bond and suffers under the tyranny of Leontes; the latter is the world of the forest, the fairyland, the pastoral retreat, the liberal court, or the magic island from which romantic comedy usually brings its happy ending.

For the reasons given above the domestic comedy of later fiction carries on with much the same conventions that were used in the Renaissance. Domestic comedy is usually based on the Cinderella archetype, on the kind of thing that happens when Pamela's virtue is rewarded, the incorporation of an individual very like the reader into the society aspired to by both, a society ushered in with a happy rustle of bridal gowns and bank-notes. The chief difference between the comedy of the Renaissance and of the realistic period is that the resolution of the latter more frequently involves a social promotion, and, like pathos, tends to be an individual achievement. More sophisticated writers of low mimetic comedy often present the same success story with the moral ambiguities that we have found in Aristophanes. In Balzac or Stendhal a clever and ruthless scoundrel may achieve the same kind of success as the virtuous heroes of Samuel Smiles and Horatio Alger. Thus the comic counterpart of the alazon seems to be the clever, likable, unprincipled *picaro* of the picaresque novel.

In studying ironic comedy we must start with the theme of driving out the pharmakos from the point of view of society. This appeals to the kind of relief we are expected to feel when we see Jonson's Volpone condemned to the galleys, Shylock stripped of his wealth, or Tartuffe taken off to prison. Such a theme, unless touched very lightly, is difficult to make convincing, for the reasons suggested in connection with ironic tragedy. Insisting on the theme of social revenge on an individual, however rascally, tends to make him look less involved in guilt and the society more so. If a writer of comedy makes too much of excluding one of his characters, that character becomes pathetic, the audience's sympathy switches over to him, and the balance of comic tone is upset. This is particularly true of characters who have been trying to amuse either the actual or the internal audience, and who are the comic counterparts of the tragic hero as artist. The rejection of the entertainer, whether fool, clown, buffoon, or simpleton, can be one of the most terrible ironies known to art, as the rejection of Falstaff shows, and certain scenes in Chaplin.

Literature is bounded by history, or factual assertions about events, on one side, and by philosophy or assertions of ideas on the other. In some religious poetry we can see that literature has an upper limit too, the point at which an imaginative vision of an eternal world becomes an experience of it. Here in ironic comedy we begin to see what the lower limit of art is. This is the condition of savagery, the world in which comedy consists of inflicting pain on a helpless victim, and tragedy in enduring it. Ironic comedy brings us to the figure of the scapegoat ritual, the human symbol that concentrates our fears and

hates. We pass the boundary of art when this symbol becomes existential, as it does in the black man of a lynching, the Jew of a pogrom, or the old woman of a witch-hunt.

The element of play is the barrier that separates art from savagery, and playing at human sacrifice seems to be an important theme of ironic comedy. Even in laughter itself some kind of deliverance from the unpleasant, even the horrible, seems to be important. We notice this particularly in all forms of art in which a large number of auditors are simultaneously present, as in drama and, still more obviously, in games. We notice too that playing at sacrifice has nothing to do with any historical descent from sacrificial ritual, such as has been suggested for Old Comedy. All the features of such ritual, the king's son, the mimic death, the executioner, the substituted victim, are far more explicit in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* than they are in Aristophanes. There is certainly no evidence that baseball has descended from a ritual of human sacrifice, but the umpire is quite as much a pharmakos as if it had: he is an abandoned scoundrel, a greater robber than Barabbas; he has the evil eye; the supporters of the losing team scream for his death. But at play, mob emotions are boiled in an open pot, so to speak; in the lynching mob they are in a sealed furnace of what Blake would call moral virtue.

The fact that we are now in an ironic phase of literature largely accounts for the popularity of the detective story, the formula of how a man-hunter locates a pharmakos and gets rid of him. The detective story begins in the Sherlock Holmes period as an intensification of low mimetic, in the sharpening of attention to details that makes the dullest and most neglected trivia of daily living leap into mysterious and fateful significance. But as we move further away from this we move toward a ritual drama around a corpse in which a wavering finger of social condemnation passes over a group of "suspects" and finally settles on one. The sense of a victim chosen by lot is very strong, for the case against him is only plausibly manipulated. If it were really inevitable we should have tragic irony, as in *Crime and Punishment*, where Raskolnikoff's crime is so interwoven with his character that there can be no question of any "whodunit" mystery. In the growing brutality of the crime story (a brutality protected by the convention of the form, as it is conventionally impossible that the man-hunter can be mistaken in believing that one of his suspects is a murderer) it begins to merge with the thriller as one of the forms of melodrama. In melodrama two themes are important: the triumph of moral virtue over villainy, and the idealizing of the moral views assumed to be held by the audience. In the melodrama of the brutal thriller we come as

close as it is normally possible for art to come to the pure self-righteousness of the lynching mob.

We should have to say, then, that all forms of melodrama, the detective story in particular, were advance propaganda for the police state, in so far as that represents the regularization of mob violence, if it were possible to take them seriously. But it seems not to be possible. The protecting wall of play is still there. Serious melodrama soon gets entangled with its own pity and fear: the more serious it is, the more likely it is to be looked at ironically by the reader, its pity and fear seen as sentimental drivel and owlish solemnity, respectively. One pole of ironic comedy is the recognition of the absurdity of naïve melodrama, or, at least, of the absurdity of its attempt to define the enemy of society as a person outside that society. From there it develops toward the opposite pole, which is true comic irony or satire, and which defines the enemy of society as a spirit within that society. Let us arrange the forms of ironic comedy from this point of view.

Cultivated people hiss the villain of melodrama with an air of condescension, making a point of the fact that they cannot take his villainy seriously. We have here a type of irony which exactly corresponds to that of two other major arts of the ironic age, advertising and propaganda. These arts pretend to address themselves seriously to a subliminal audience of cretins, an audience that may not even exist, but which is assumed to be simple-minded enough to accept the statements made about the purity of a soap or a government's motives. The rest of us, realizing that irony never says precisely what it means, take these arts either ironically or as a kind of ironic game. Similarly, we read murder stories with a strong sense of the unreality of the villainy involved. Murder is doubtless a serious crime, but if private murder really were a major threat to our civilization it would not be relaxing to read about it. We may compare the abuse showered on the pimp in Roman comedy, similarly based on the indisputable ground that brothels are immoral.

The next step is an ironic comedy addressed to the people who realize that murderous violence is less an attack on a virtuous society by a malignant individual than a symptom of that society's own viciousness. Such a comedy would be the kind of intellectualized parody of melodramatic formulas represented by, for instance, the novels of Graham Greene. Next comes the ironic comedy directed at the melodramatic spirit itself, an astonishingly persistent tradition in all comedy in which there is a large ironic admixture. One notes a recurring tendency on the part of ironic comedy to ridicule and scold an audience assumed to be hankering after sentiment, solemnity, and the triumph

of fidelity and approved moral standards. Finally comes the comedy of manners, the portrayal of a chattering-monkey society devoted to snobbery and slander. In this kind of irony the characters who are opposed to or excluded from the fictional society have the sympathy of the audience. Here we are close to a parody of tragic irony, as we can see in the appalling fate of the relatively harmless hero of Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*. Or we may have a character who, with the sympathy of the author or audience, repudiates such a society to the point of deliberately walking out of it, becoming thereby a kind of pharmakos in reverse. This happens, for instance, at the conclusion of Aldous Huxley's *Those Barren Leaves*. It is more usual, however, for the artist to present an ironic deadlock in which the hero is regarded as a fool or worse by the fictional society, and yet impresses the real audience more than anything else in that society does. The obvious example, and certainly one of the greatest, is Dostoievski's *The Idiot*, but there are many others. *The Good Soldier Schweik, Heaven's My Destination* and *The Horse's Mouth* will give some idea of the range of the theme.

Thematic Modes

To complete this survey, we have to glance briefly at that aspect of literature in which the only characters involved are the writer himself and the audience he is addressing. Here the poet has the central role corresponding to the hero, and the realization of his social function is what corresponds to "discovery" in fiction. We have space only for the broadest generalizations about this third series of modes.

On the mythical plane there is more legend than evidence, but it is clear that the poet who sings about gods is often considered to be singing as one. His social function is that of an inspired oracle; he is frequently an ecstatic, and we hear strange stories of his powers. Orpheus could draw trees after him; the bards and ollaves of the Celtic world could kill their enemies with their satire; the prophets of Israel foretold the future. The spell-muttering magicians of romance represent the next age's view of such figures. Mohammed's Koran is the only clear historical instance, at the beginning of the Western period, of the oracular mode in action.

In the period of romance, the poet, like the corresponding hero, has become a human being, and the god has retreated to the sky. His function now is primarily to remember. Memory, said Greek myth at the beginning of its historical period, is the mother of the Muses, who inspire the poets, but no longer in the same degree that the god inspires the oracle—though the poets clung to the connection as long as they could. In Homer, in the more primitive Hesiod, in the poets of the

heroic age of the North, we can see the kind of thing the poet had to remember. Lists of kings and foreign tribes, myths and genealogies of gods, historical traditions, the proverbs of popular wisdom, taboos, lucky and unlucky days, charms, the deeds of the tribal heroes, were some of the things that came out when the poet unlocked his word-hoard. The medieval minstrel with his repertory of memorized stories and the clerical poet who, like Gower or the author of the *Cursor Mundi*, tries to get everything he knows into one vast poem, belong in the same category.

We meet here the fact that in every age of poetry there is some conception of a total body of vision, an imaginative encyclopaedia, let us say, that poets as a whole class are entrusted with. Hence we should expect that each mode would have its own kind of encyclopaedic form, which could be attempted by one poet if he were sufficiently learned, or by a group if the culture were sufficiently homogeneous. In the previous age oracular revelation expands into the form of the scripture or sacred book. But in the romantic age the poet remembers what his society needs to know, as in the previous age the god directly revealed it. Hence his encyclopaedic knowledge is sacramental, a human analogy of divine knowledge. In the other three modes too we shall find the same conception of an analogy of revelation.

The age of romantic heroes is largely a nomadic age, and its poets are frequently wanderers. The blind minstrel is traditional in both Greek and Celtic literature; Old English poetry expresses some of the bleakest loneliness in the language; troubadours and Goliardic satirists roam over Europe in the Middle Ages; Dante himself was an exile. Or, if the poet stays where he is, it is poetry that travels; folk tales follow the trade routes, ballads and romances return from the great fairs; or Malory, writing in England, tells his readers what the "French book" says that has come to his hand. Of all fictions, the marvellous journey is the favourite, and it is this theme that underlies the definitive encyclopaedic poem of the mode, Dante's *Commedia*. Poetry in this phase is an agent of catholicity, whether Hellenic in one age or Christian in another.

The high mimetic period brings in a society more strongly established around the court and capital city. The poet now is normally a courtier, in the largest sense; poetry's analogy of revelation is now more secularized, and placed at the service of prince and nation. The encyclopaedic poems of this period, like *The Faerie Queene*, are heroic epics, usually with a strongly national reference. The poet is thus a public orator or master of decorum, who tends to think of his function in relation to social leadership.

With the low mimetic, where fictional forms deal with an individual-

ized society, there is only one thing for an analogy of myth to become, and that is an art of individual creation. The result of this is "Romanticism," a thematic development which to a considerable extent turns away from contemporary forms of fiction. The qualities necessary to create *Hyperion* and the qualities necessary to create *Pride and Prejudice* do not seem to come together; in any case there seems to be no encyclopaedic poet of this period who brings them together. In this age the poet himself becomes what the hero was in the age of romance, a withdrawn figure who lives in a higher and more imaginative order of experience than that of nature.

The poet in this period is interested in himself, not necessarily out of egotism, but because the basis of his poetic skill is individual, and hence genetic and psychological. He uses biological metaphors: he contrasts the organic with the dead or mechanical; he thinks socially in terms of a biological difference between the genius and the ordinary man. Genius to him is a fertile seed or vital spark among thousands of abortive ones. He confronts nature directly, as an individual, and will not use tradition as a substitute for individual experience. Like the hero of low mimetic comedy, the Romantic poet is often socially aggressive: the possession of creative genius confers authority, and its social impact is revolutionary.

The poets who succeed the Romantics, the poets of French *symbolisme* for example, begin with the ironic gesture of turning away from the world of the market-place with its blurred sounds and imprecise meanings; they renounce rhetoric, moral judgments, and all other idols of the tribe, and devote their entire energy to the poet's literal function as a maker of poems. We said that the ironic writer is influenced by no considerations except craftsmanship, and the poet in the ironic age thinks of himself more as a craftsman than as a creator: he makes the minimum personal claim, consistently with his eiron role. At his best he is a dedicated spirit, a saint or anchorite of poetry. Flaubert, Rilke, Mallarmé, Proust, were all in their very different ways "pure" artists. As the pure artist cannot invoke anything outside the work of art he is creating, the analogy of revelation in the ironic phase is again sacramental, but in a way that Joyce calls epiphanic: the mystery of the universal Word is substantially present in the individual poem.

The return of irony to myth that we noted in fiction is paralleled by some tendencies of the ironic craftsman to return to the oracular. This is sometimes accompanied by cyclic theories of history which help to rationalize the return. We have Rimbaud and his "dérèglement de tous les sens" designed to make himself a descendant of the Prometheus who brought the divine fire to man. We have Rilke and his life-

time of tense listening to an oracular voice within him. We have Nietzsché proclaiming the advent of a new divine power in man. We have Yeats telling us that the Western cycle is nearly over and that a new classical one, with Leda and the swan taking the place of the dove and the virgin, is about to begin. We have Joyce and his Viconian theory of history which sees our own age as a frustrated apocalypse, followed instantly by a return to a period before Tristram.

These phenomena, while they can be explained in terms of our survey, do not of course amount to anything that would justify us in predicting that the cycle of modes will go around again. If artists continue to work in our society, they will doubtless, in Ezra Pound's phrase, make it new. I should draw more practical morals from my survey, two in particular. First, to try to become more aware of the historical context of the critical assumptions we make. In our day an ironic provincialism, which looks everywhere in literature for complete objectivity, suspension of moral judgments, concentration on pure verbal craftsmanship, and parallel virtues, is in the ascendant. A Romantic provincialism, which looks everywhere for genius and evidences of great personality, is more old-fashioned, but it is still around. There is no reason to suppose that either attitude has grasped the whole truth about art.

Second, I think we should realize that while one mode constitutes the underlying tonality of a work of fiction, any or all of the other four may be present. Much of our sense of the subtlety of great literature comes from this modal counterpoint. Chaucer is a medieval poet specializing mainly in romance, whether secular or sacred. Of his pilgrims, the knight and the parson clearly represent the norms of the society in which he functions as a poet, and, as we have them, *The Canterbury Tales* are contained by these two figures, who open and close the series. But to overlook Chaucer's mastery of low mimetic and ironic techniques would be as wrong as to think of him as a modern novelist who got into the Middle Ages by mistake. The tonality of *Antony and Cleopatra* is high mimetic, the story of the fall of a great leader. But it is easy to look at Mark Antony ironically, as a man enslaved by passion; it is easy to recognize his common humanity with ourselves; it is easy to see in him a romantic adventurer of prodigious courage and endurance betrayed by a witch; there are even hints of a superhuman being whose legs bestrid the ocean and whose downfall is a conspiracy of fate, explicable only to a soothsayer. To leave out any of these would over-simplify and belittle the play. Through such an analysis we realize that the two essential facts about a work of art, that it is contemporary with its own age and that it is contemporary with ours, are not opposed but complementary facts.

THE PRESCIENCE OF TOCQUEVILLE

RUSSELL KIRK

It is believed by some that modern society will be always changing its aspect; for myself, I fear that it will ultimately be too invariably fixed in the same institutions, the same prejudices, the same manners, so that mankind will be stopped and circumscribed; that the mind will swing backwards and forwards forever without begetting fresh ideas; that man will waste his strength in bootless and solitary trifling, and, though in continual motion, that humanity will cease to advance.—TOCQUEVILLE, *Democracy in America.*

IN Tocqueville that facility of the French for generalization, which turned the world upside down, reached its apex. He employed the methods and the style of the *philosophes* and the Encyclopedists to alleviate, more than half a century later, the consequences of their books. In some respects, the pupil, Tocqueville, excels his philosophical master, Burke: certainly his *Democracy in America* contains an impartial examination of the new order which Burke never had time or patience to undertake, even had it taken distinct form before Burke's death. Tocqueville is a writer who should be read not in abridgement, but wholly; for every sentence has significance, every observation sagacity. The two big volumes of *Democracy in America* are a mine of aphorisms, his *Old Régime* is the germ of a hundred books, his *Recollections* have a terse brilliance of narrative that few memoirs possess. Some people besides professors still read Tocqueville. They ought to, because he was the best friend democracy ever has had, and democracy's most candid and judicious critic. A century has elapsed since the triumph of Louis Napoleon cut short Tocqueville's public career, but his like as a political philosopher and a sociologist has not been seen since.

Although he was judge and legislator and foreign minister, and enjoyed a great literary reputation, Tocqueville felt himself to be nearly a failure. In Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli is a passage which struck the fancy of that omnivorous reader John Randolph of Roanoke, though he did not know the author's name when he came upon the article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Randolph applied this description to his own situation; and certainly Tocqueville's sentiments were similar. "It is difficult to conceive of any situation more painful than that of a great man condemned to watch the lingering agony of an exhausted country, to tend it during the alternate fits of stupefaction

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and raving which precede its dissolution, and to see the symptoms of vitality disappear one by one, till nothing is left but coldness, darkness, and corruption." The spirit of a gentleman and the high talents of remarkable individuals, Tocqueville thought, were sliding into an engulfing mediocrity, and the society of his day was confronted with the prospect of a life-in-death. The futility of crying against the monstrous deaf and blind tendency of the times made Tocqueville painfully conscious of his impotent insignificance. But he was no mere railer against circumstance; he never lost hope of ameliorating those problems which resulted from the levelling inclination of society; and his influence upon posterity has been more considerable than he expected.

Democratic despotism: in this phrase, which the hesitating Tocqueville adopted only for lack of a better, he described the conundrum of modern society. The analysis of democratic despotism is his supreme achievement as political theorist, sociologist, liberal, and conservative. "I am not opposed to democracies," he wrote to M. de Freslon, in 1857. "They may be great, they may be in accordance with the will of God, if they be free. What saddens me is, not that our society is democratic, but that the vices which we have inherited and acquired make it so difficult for us to obtain or to keep well-regulated liberty. And I know nothing so miserable as a democracy without liberty."[1] Harold Laski remarks that Tocqueville, essentially an aristocrat, was "unable to accept without pain the collectivist discipline" toward which centralized democratic polities remorsely tend. Legislative power, once it is wholly in the hands of the mass of men, is applied to purposes of economic and cultural levelling.[2] Quite so; the collectivist discipline was more repugnant to Tocqueville—or to any liberal or conservative, of whatever origins—than the worst stupidities of the old régime. Like Aristotle (and some reputable writers have declared that Tocqueville was the greatest political thinker since Aristotle, although Tocqueville himself found little in Aristotle's *Politics* which he thought applicable to modern problems), Tocqueville was always searching for ends. A political system which forgets ends and worships averages, a "collectivist discipline," for Tocqueville was bondage worse than slavery of the old sort. Society ought to be designed to encourage the highest moral and intellectual qualities in man; the worst threat of the new democratic system is that mediocrity not only will be encouraged, but may be enforced. Tocqueville dreads the reduction of human so-

[1]Tocqueville, *Memoir, Letters, and Remains*, trans. Henry Reeve (1862), II, 384.

[2]Harold Laski, "Alexis de Tocqueville and Democracy," in F. J. C. Hearnshaw, ed., *The Social and Political Ideas of Some Representative Thinkers of the Victorian Age* (London, 1933), 111–12.

ciety to an insect-like arrangement, the real gravitation toward which state was described recently by Professor C. E. M. Joad.[3] Variety, individuality, progress: these Tocqueville struggles to conserve.

> Whenever social conditions are equal, public opinion presses with enormous weight upon the mind of each individual; it surrounds, directs, and oppresses him; and this arises from the very constitution of society much more than from its political laws. As men grow more alike, each man feels himself weaker in regard to all the rest; as he discerns nothing by which he is considerably raised above them or distinguished from them, he mistrusts himself as soon as they assail him. Not only does he mistrust his strength, but he even doubts of his right, and he is very near acknowledging that he is in the wrong, when the great number of his countrymen assert that he is so. The majority do not need to force him; they convince him. In whatever way the powers of a democratic community may be organized and balanced, then, it will always be extremely difficult to believe what the bulk of the people reject or to profess what they condemn.[4]

Such generalizations, though bold as those of the *philosophes*, were far better grounded than the speculations on *a priori* assumptions in which French thinkers of the preceding century had delighted. By his extensive acquaintance with England, by his political career, by his investigations into American life, and by his unassuming erudition, Tocqueville was prepared to pronounce with authority concerning human and social nature. He wrote with extreme care, anxious to be moderate, zealous to be just. "Of all writers, he is the most widely acceptable, and the hardest to find fault with. He is always wise, always right, and as just as Aristides." This is the judgment of Lord Acton.[5] Tocqueville was determined to escape self-delusion, at whatever expense to peace of mind. Believing with Burke that Providence paves the way for enormous changes in the world, and that to oppose such changes when their tendency is manifest amounts to impiety, he was willing to surrender much to the new democracy—even, to a considerable extent, elevation of mind. "In the democratic society of which you are so proud," said that courageous genius Royer-Collard to Tocqueville, "there will not be ten persons who will thoroughly enter into the spirit of your book."[6] But Tocqueville was not willing to let democracy become a cannibal; he would resist, so far as he could, the sacrifice of democracy's virtues upon the altar of democracy's lusts.

The conspicuous vice of democracy, Tocqueville discerned, is that democracy preys upon itself, and presently exists only corrupt and

[3]C. E. M. Joad, *Decadence*, 393.
[4]*Democracy in America*, ed. Phillips Bradley (New York, 1948), II, 261.
[5]*Lectures on the French Revolution*, 357.
[6]Reeve, *Memoir*, II, 64.

hideous—still, perhaps, preserving its essential characteristic of equality, but devoid of all those aspirations toward liberty and progress which had inspired its earlier triumph. Most critics of democracy had declared that political equalitarianism must end in anarchy—or, barring that, tyranny. Tocqueville was not in bondage to the past, although he had a strong respect for historical knowledge: the future need not always be like what went before, he wrote, and neither of these hoary alternatives is the probable consummation of modern equalitarianism. What menaces democratic society in this age is not a simple collapse of order, nor yet usurpation by a single powerful man, but a tyranny of mediocrity, a standardization of mind and spirit and condition enforced by the central government, precisely what Laski calls "the collectivist discipline." Tocqueville foresaw the coming of the "social welfare state," which agrees to provide all for its subjects, and in turn exacts rigid conformity. The name democracy remains; but government is exerted from the top downward, as in the Old Régime, not from the bottom upward, the democratic ideal. It is a planners' society, dominated by a bureaucratic *élite*; the old liberties and privileges and individuality which aristocracy cherishes have been eradicated to make way for a monotonous equality which the managers of society share.

> I seek to trace the novel features under which despotism may appear in the world. The first thing that strikes the observation is an innumerable multitude of men, all equal and all alike incessantly endeavouring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives. Each of them, living apart, is as a stranger to the fate of all the rest; his children and his private friends constitute for him the whole of mankind. As for the rest of his fellow citizens, he is close to them, but he does not see them; he touches them, but he does not feel them; he exists only in himself and for himself alone; and if his kindred still remain to him, he may be said at any rate to have lost his country.

This is the "American-standard-of-living" ideal of social existence, devastatingly outlined and condemned in a paragraph; and American society, like democratic societies throughout the world in countries which have undergone similar economic development, has arrived very nearly at a condition which fulfils this melancholy prophecy, four generations after Tocqueville wrote.[7] But in the long run this society, though deprived of true community of spirit, cannot continue to be

[7] A distinguished historian recently wrote to me from his native state of New York, "Give *homo novus Americanus* a television set, a frigidaire, a vacuum cleaner, a cocktail shaker, and strip chromium around his kitchen, his bathroom, and his car, and he will boast of the highest standard of living in the world; even though nothing he owns will last much longer than the term in which he has contracted to pay for it."

democratic or libertarian: its appetite for economic security and physical contentment exacts the sacrifice of liberty and true culture. A Colossus bestrides this world:

> Above this race of men stands an immense and tutelary power, which takes upon itself alone to secure their gratifications and to watch over their fate. That power is absolute, minute, regular, provident, and mild. It would be like the authority of a parent if, like that authority, its object was to prepare men for manhood; but it seeks, on the contrary, to keep them in perpetual childhood; it is well content that the people should rejoice, provided that they think of nothing but rejoicing. For their happiness such a government willingly labors, but it chooses to be the sole agent and the only arbiter of their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances; what remains, but to spare them all the care of thinking and all the trouble of living?
>
> Thus it every day renders the exercise of the free agency of man less useful and less frequent; it circumscribes the will within a narrower range and gradually robs a man of all the uses of himself. The principle of equality has prepared men for these things; it has predisposed them to endure them and often to look on them as benefits.[8]

Here a kind of humanitarian Egyptian or Peruvian society is described—just the sort of state which British and American collectivistic reformers project today. Most advocates of planned economy, indeed, are scarcely able to understand Tocqueville's distaste for an existence like this. The omnicompetent, paternalistic state, guiding all the affairs of mankind, satisfying all individuals' wants, is the ideal of twentieth-century social planners. This arrangement is intended to gratify the material demands of humanity, and twentieth-century social aspiration, saturated with the ideas of Bentham and Marx, scarcely conceives of wants that are not material. That men are kept in perpetual childhood—that, in spirit, they never become full human beings—seems no great loss to a generation of thinkers accustomed to compulsory schooling, compulsory insurance, compulsory military service, and even compulsory voting. A world of uniform compulsion is death to variety and the life of the mind; knowing this, Tocqueville felt that the materialism which democracy encourages may so far obsess the public consciousness as to stifle, in all but a few independent souls, the notions of freedom and variety.

"A native of the United States clings to this world's goods as if he were certain never to die; and he is so hasty in grasping at all within his reach that one would suppose he was constantly afraid of not living long enough to enjoy them. He clutches everything, he holds nothing fast, but soon loosens his grasp to pursue fresh gratifications."[9] This

[8] *Democracy in America*, II, 318. [9] *Ibid.*, II, 136.

passion of avarice is not a vice peculiar to America, Tocqueville explains: it is a product of democratic times generally. An aristocrat, and the society to which he furnishes the tone, may hold riches in contempt—valour, honour, and pride of family being stronger impulses; but where commercialism fascinates even the most influential class among a people, presently that interest excludes almost all others. The middle classes, by their example, convince the mass of men that aggrandizement is the object of existence. And once the masses embrace this conviction, they do not rest until the state is reorganized to furnish them with material gratifications. Already, in America, this materialism tends toward standardization of character: "This gives to all their passions a sort of family likeness and soon renders the survey of them monotonous."[10] As older nations surrender to the democratic impulse, they succumb to materialism proportionately.

Materialism, as a governing force in society, is open to two overpowering objections: first, it enervates the higher faculties of man; second, it undoes itself. Materialism may be a negative vice, rather than a positive: "The reproach I address to the principle of equality is not that it leads men away in the pursuit of forbidden enjoyments, but that it absorbs men wholly in quest of those which are allowed. By these means a kind of virtuous materialism may ultimately be established in the world, which would not corrupt, but enervate, the soul and noiselessly unbend its springs of action."[11] (How much more penetrating is this than Macaulay's naïve delight in new villas and "beautiful and costly machinery"!) Presently such absorption in the finite quite eclipses any realization of the infinite; and man, oblivious to the existence of spiritual powers or of God himself, ceases to be truly human. "Democracy encourages a taste for physical gratification; this taste, if it becomes excessive, soon disposes men to believe that all is matter only; and materialism, in its turn, hurries them on with mad impatience to these same delights; such is the fatal circle within which democratic nations are driven round. It were well that they should see the danger and turn back."[12]

After some passage of time, this preoccupation with getting and spending undermines the social structure which makes material accumulation possible. "If men were ever to content themselves with material objects, it is probable that they would lose by degrees the art of producing them; and they would enjoy them in the end, like the brutes, without discernment and without improvement."[13] For whatever enlarges the soul, renders the soul more fit for practical under-

[10] *Ibid.*, II, 228–9.
[11] *Ibid.*, II, 133.
[12] *Ibid.*, II, 145.
[13] *Ibid.*, II, 148.

takings; and whatever contracts the soul, enervates practical abilities in the process. Moral decay first hampers and then strangles honest government, regular commerce, and even the ability to take genuine pleasure in the goods of this world. Compulsion is applied from above as self-discipline relaxes below, and the last liberties expire under the weight of a unitary state. Once a society has slipped so far, almost no barrier remains to withstand absolutism. "Since religion has lost its empire over the souls of men, the most prominent boundary that divided good from evil is overthrown; kings and nations are guided by chance and none can say where are the natural limits of despotism and the bounds of license."[14] The state assumes the right to invade every detail of private life; this usurpation is endorsed by the dislike which undiscriminating democracies manifest toward individual differences; and at length the commercial and industrial impulse which commenced this chain of causation is broken by the importunate interference and insufferable burden of the super-state.

Is this triumph of democratic despotism inevitable? The extension of democratic institutions throughout the civilized world certainly is inevitable, Tocqueville answers, and seems so much a work of Providence that we ought to accept it as a process divinely ordained. But the perversion of democratic society into a sea of anonymous beings, social droplets, deprived of true family, true freedom, and true purpose, although terribly possible, is not yet inevitable. Against this, intelligent men should struggle like fanatics; for the Benthamite dream of social organization, in which the lonely, friendless, selfish, and hopeless individual confronts the leviathan state, in which all ancient affections and groupings have been eradicated and materialism has been substituted for traditional satisfactions—this may be averted by the force of ideas, or so we must hope. Eternal vigilance and incessant criticism will be required, however, if the tendency of democratic peoples toward a life-in-death monotony, a Byzantine dreariness, is in any degree to be arrested. The forces which impel mankind toward democratic despotism are of tremendous power. Tocqueville analyses them at length, chiefly in the fourth book of the second volume of *Democracy in America*. Chief among these causes, in addition to the materialism already remarked, are the democratic proclivities to simplicity of concept and structure, to centralization, and to standardization.

First, democratic peoples have a deep-founded dislike for hierarchy, intermediate orders, privileges, and special associations of all descriptions. Complexity and diversity are annoyingly difficult for common minds to appreciate, and this vexation is erected into detestation

[14] *Ibid.*, I, 327.

on principle. Even supernatural beings, intermediate between God and man, tend to fade from the religion of democratic societies: the average man prefers the simple relationship of individual confronting Divinity directly. If democracies do not tolerate angels or devils, they will hardly endure vestiges of aristocracy, limited franchises, privileged persons, and those other institutions which interpose barriers between the government and the private concerns of citizens. Thus the trend of democratic simplification is to efface the very safeguards which make libertarian democracy possible. Tocqueville repeatedly describes the function of an aristocracy in protecting freedom. "Nothing in the world is so conservative in its views as an aristocracy. The mass of the people may be led astray by ignorance or passion; the mind of a king may be biased and made to vacillate in his designs; and, besides, a king is not immortal. But an aristocratic body is too numerous to be led astray by intrigue, and yet not numerous enough to yield readily to the intoxication of unreflecting passion. An aristocracy is a firm and enlightened body that never dies."[15] But this instrument for checking arbitrary power and ensuring the continuity of civilization invariably is extirpated by a triumphant democracy.

Second, the readiness of democratic states to concentrate in the central government all real power soon withers true democracy at the root; for democracy is a product of local institutions and self-reliance. More perspicacious than the Federalists and many of the Tories, Tocqueville perceived, like Randolph and Calhoun, that liberty is intimately connected with particularism. Consolidation is the instrument of innovation and despotism. The Old Régime in France erred in considering consolidation a conservative device: on the contrary, consolidation made possible the overthrow of a multitude of ancient interests by one single wave of revolutionary violence. The consolidated machine of government which the Bourbons had established was promptly converted to Jacobinical purposes.

> Not only is a democratic people led by its own taste to centralize its government, but the passions of all the men by whom it is governed constantly urge it in the same direction. It may easily be foreseen that almost all the able and ambitious members of a democratic community will labor unceasingly to extend the powers of government, because they all hope at some time or other to wield those powers themselves. It would be a waste of time to attempt to prove to them that extreme centralization may be injurious to the state, since they are centralizing it for their own benefit. Among the public men of democracies, there are hardly any but men of great disinterestedness or extreme mediocrity who seek to oppose the centralization of government; the former are scarce, the latter powerless.[16]

[15] *Ibid.*, I, 236.

[16] *Ibid.*, II, 367–8.

The situation of the states of the American union today—resentful yet mendicant-like before increasing influence by the federal government, fearful of consolidation but cursed with an insatiable appetite for federal grants-in-aid—is sufficient illustration of Tocqueville's observation. Only one thing is safe from revolution, said Tocqueville: centralization. Only one thing could not be set up in France—a free government; and only one thing could not be destroyed—the centralizing principle. Even with men aware of its dangerous nature, "The pleasure it procures them of interfering with everyone and holding everything in their hands atones to them for its dangers."[17] Centralization promises special favours to all sorts of interests, and its possibilities tempt simple democrats almost irresistibly. Yet centralization is wholly inimical to democracy, transferring power to the operator of the machine of government. "I am of the opinion that, in the democratic ages which are opening upon us, individual independence and local liberties will ever be the products of art; that centralization will be the natural government."[18]

Third, democratic nations are enamoured of uniformity, standardization; they hate the eccentric, the grand, the mysterious. They demand that legislation be comprehensive and inflexible. "As every man sees that he differs but little from those about him, he cannot understand why a rule that is applicable to one man should not be equally applicable to all others. Hence the slightest privileges are repugnant to his reason; the faintest dissimilarities in the political institutions of the same people offends him, and uniformity of legislation appears to him to be the first condition of good government."[19]

When classes vanish, presently even the taste to be different, to be a distinct individual, wanes; men grow ashamed of personality. In the ages of aristocracy men sought to create imaginary differences even where no actual distinctions existed; in democratic times everything slides toward the blur of mediocrity. "Men are much alike, and they are annoyed, as it were, by any deviation from that likeness; far from seeking to preserve their own distinguishing singularities, they endeavor to shake them off in order to identify themselves with the general mass of people, which is the sole representative of right and of might in their eyes."[20] Leadership dwindles in consequence, the enlivening energy of contrast evaporates from a people, and men become almost featureless, mere ciphers, identical and interchangeable in the social system. Intelligence shrinks proportionately. As candidates for any sort of

[17]Tocqueville, *Recollections*, ed. J. P. Mayer (London, 1948), 202.
[18]*Democracy in America*, II, 296.
[19]*Ibid.*, II, 289.
[20]*Ibid.*, II, 282.

advancement appear more and more alike, democracies tend to select men for preferment not by recognition of their peculiar talents, but by wearisome regulations and routines. "From hatred of privilege and from the embarrassment of choosing, all men are at last forced, whatever may be their standard, to pass the same ordeal; all are indiscriminately subjected to a multitude of petty preliminary exercises, in which their youth is wasted and their imagination quenched, so that they despair of ever fully attaining what is held out to them; and when at length they are in a condition to perform any extraordinary acts, the taste for such things has forsaken them."[21] Anyone familiar with the methods of modern educationists and administrators—in the graduate schools of American universities, for instance—knows what Tocqueville means. When ambition is stifled deliberately after this fashion, the tone of collective life must suffer.

Altogether, this analysis of democratic follies is a dismaying picture of society's stumbling progress toward a condition of servitude called democracy but in actuality a new absolutism. Its outlines have become clearer in the twentieth century. Tocqueville's most succinct description of this yawning peril occurs near the beginning of his *Democracy*:

> I perceive that we have destroyed those individual powers which were able, single-handed, to cope with tyranny; but it is the government alone that has inherited all the privileges of which families, guilds, and individuals have been deprived; to the power of a small number of persons, which if it was sometimes oppressive was often conservative, has succeeded the weakness of the whole community.
>
> The distribution of property has lessened the distance which separated the rich from the poor; but it would seem that, the nearer they draw to each other, the greater is their mutual hatred and the more vehement the envy and the dread with which they resist each other's claims to power; the idea of right does not exist for either party, and force affords to both the only security for the present and the only guarantee for the future.[22]

What should be done? Marx, in these very years, was full of visions of a world purged utterly of the old order, problems solved in a proletarian upheaval, society reconstituted from base to pinnacle—or rather, all society above the base lopped away. The calm, intricate, and analytical mind of Tocqueville, aware that no knot really is untied after the method Alexander used with Gordius's, turned instead to the weary necessity of reconciling old values with new faiths—the conservative function, so much derided, so difficult to execute, so indispensable to the survival of civilization.

"I have always thought that in revolutions, especially democratic revolutions, madmen, not those so called by courtesy, but genuine mad-

[21] *Ibid.*, II, 245–6. [22] *Ibid.*, I, 10.

men, have played a very considerable political part. One thing at least is certain, and that is that a condition of semi-madness is not unbecoming at such times, and often even leads to success."[23] This is Tocqueville writing of the frightful days of 1848—when, like ghosts of '93, such raving figures as Blanqui and Barbès invaded the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies and cried out for a new Terror. Tocqueville was present at the wild street-fighting of this first strong socialist snatch at power; he saw the balloon of Marxism pricked, for the time being; and soon he was foreign minister under Louis Napoleon, until the *coup d'état* ended the public life of the critic of democracy, who would no more bow to a plebiscitary dictator than to the Parisian mob. That Tocqueville could witness these swings of the revolutionary pendulum and still hope for the future of society is testimony to his remarkable strength of mind.

Tocqueville knew that men and societies possess free will. Holding Hegel and all his school in contempt, he scoffed at deterministic theories of history, with their chain of fatality, and described the factors of chance and unknown causation in historical movements—"chance, or rather that tangle of secondary causes which we call chance." His faith in Providence, genuine and pervasive as Burke's, denied these pretentious theories of fixed fate and national destinies. "If this doctrine of necessity, which is so attractive to those who read history in democratic ages, passes from authors to their readers till it infects the whole mass of the community and gets possession of the public mind, it will soon paralyze the activity of modern society and reduce Christians to the level of the Turks."[24] Great and mysterious movements indeed were at work in the world of the nineteenth century; but opinion and political institutions could modify and mould the shape of these tendencies. Granted patience and good conduct, even the Old Régime could have been preserved and reformed without indiscriminate destruction: "The revolution broke out not when evils were at their worst, but when reform was beginning," he wrote to Freslon. "Half-way down the staircase we threw ourselves out of the window, in order to get sooner to the bottom. Such, in fact, is the common course of events."[25] The common course, yes; but not the inevitable course; and a determined stand still may avert the coming of democratic despotism.

Tocqueville's liberal conservatism is no forlorn cause yet. To inevitable democracy he rendered the invaluable service of strict criticism and delineated reform. Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, in his recent book *From*

[23] *Recollections*, 143. [24] *Democracy in America*, II, 88.
[25] Tocqueville to Freslon, September 28, 1853, in Reeve, *Memoir*, II, 234–5.

Napoleon to Stalin, thinks that Tocqueville failed in his course of action and his analysis of events during 1848: "The greatest invention of 1848," Taylor writes, "which Tocqueville disowned, was Social Democracy; this was the only way in which civilisation could be saved. . . . Above all, he who loves liberty must have faith in the people."[26] This is as if Morelly or Mably were disinterred to criticize Alexis de Tocqueville. For Tocqueville knew all too well the nature of "Social Democracy," a euphemism coined to describe the centralized equalitarian state, governed (with, perhaps, occasional plebiscites) by the central new *élite*, which does not so much choke freedom as simply ignores it. And, being Burke's pupil, Tocqueville never could submit to the delusion that "the people" exist as an abstraction to be trusted or feared or hated or revered in place of Jehovah.

None understood better than Burke and Tocqueville the idea of nationality and the eternal union of all generations of mankind; but the People, or masses, do not live a mystic, beneficent existence somehow independent of parties, passions, and the ordinary failings of humanity. The people do not think or act uninfluenced by ideas and leaders. Without ideas and leaders, indeed, a people cannot truly be said to exist: in the absence of such a leaven, the people subsist only as an inchoate mass of loosely cohering units, a tapioca-pudding state, which condition many utilitarian social planners contemplate with equanimity. The people, under the influence of high principle, sometimes may be capable of great courage and sacrifice; they may also, under the dominion of other principles, shout for Hitler or Stalin or any man who wishes to burn a witch. Lacking the influence of those virtuous customs and establishments that Tocqueville described, the people become Hamilton's "great beast"; and to trust them in the abstract is an act of faith more recklessly credulous than medieval men's trust in relics. Precisely this blind stumbling in the wake of the multitude is the error which *Democracy in America* was written to remedy.

[26]A. J. P. Taylor, *From Napoleon to Stalin,* 66.

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN *L'ALLEGRO* AND *IL PENSEROSO*

NAN COOKE CARPENTER

IN his *Milton Handbook* Professor Hanford offers the challenging suggestion that *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* might well be viewed as contrasting sections of a musical composition—highly perceptive criticism based upon the general tone of the poems and the derivation of their names from musical terminology. As every reader knows, the musical lilt of *L'Allegro* and the smoother cadence of *Il Penseroso* contribute much to the perennial enchantment of the poems. Other musical qualities are less obvious but none the less effective. The musical passages in the twin lyrics derive from a large body of aural imagery—most of it distinctly musical—which is one of the chief attractions of the poems.

By following the musical references one notes, first of all, that the two poems are not a presentation of the joys of day contrasted with those of night as they are often described: each one presents a complete cycle of twenty-four hours.[1] Nor do they represent exclusively the pleasures of the country as contrasted with the pleasures of the city: each one mingles country scenes with city scenes, although in the contemplative poem the shift from country to city takes place only in the poet's mind.

L'Allegro actually begins at night, with the song of the lark before daybreak. Then comes a round of daytime, rustic activities, each with its musical accompaniment—the "lively din" of the cock at dawn, the music of hounds and horn in the early morning; the plowman's whistle and the milkmaid's song as day progresses; and in the afternoon "Dancing in the Chequer'd shade" as "the merry Bells ring round, And the jocond rebecks sound." Night is filled with a round of story-telling and the scene changes to the city with its sophisticated tournaments of wit and arms, wedding festivities, comedies by Jonson and Shakespeare. Included here too is the masque—perhaps the most aristocratic and sophisticated art form of all, comprising music, poetry, the dance—a form to which Milton later on virtually dealt a death blow by making his own too literary, too beautifully poetic.

The climax to all these urban delights, however, is a musical one—is, in fact, a definite species of music. Milton first describes this type

[1]Since finishing this article, I have read the analysis of the poems in Cleanth Brooks and John Edward Hardy, *Poems of Mr. John Milton* (New York, 1951). The twenty-four hour cycle is mentioned here (p. 139) but not elaborated upon, since this analysis is centred around an entirely different theme from mine—the light/darkness imagery.

of music as Lydian, referring to one of the eight non-transposing modes of ancient Greek music,[2] each of which (probably owing to the pitch-range of the tones within the mode) was thought to have a definite *ethos*, a definite effect upon the emotions—the Lydian being soft, effeminate, beguiling, even lascivious, unlike the manly Dorian, for example, or the bellicose Phrygian. With the adjective "*Lydian*" he uses the term "air," denoting a song for solo voice in some closed form (the aria was distinguished in this way from the *stilo recitativo* whose form was quite free). One might suppose the poet's "*Lydian* Aires" to refer to the English song or air, a type of composition for solo voice with instrumental—often lute—accompaniment which he evidently much admired, especially those produced by such a competent artist as Henry Lawes. The sonnet to this gifted musician is actually titled "*To Mr.* H. Lawes, *on his Aires*"; and in it Milton praises Lawes especially for the close union of words and music in his settings, for fitting the music closely to the accentual metre of the verse. The address to Lawes, indeed, as "the man That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tonge" seems to single out for highest praise Lawes' *aria parlante* (a combination of aria and recitative) based upon the ordinary speech accents of the English language—a technique developed by Lawes and carried to perfection by Henry Purcell.

Much more flamboyant generally than the English air, however, was the Italian aria, often a dramatic solo song; and the lines in *L'Allegro* describing the "soft *Lydian* Aires, Married to immortal verse" call strongly to mind the florid Italian aria with its virtuoso passages, trills, roulades—

> with many a winding bout
> Of linckèd sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
> The melting voice through mazes running;
> Untwisting all the chains that ty
> The hidden soul of harmony.

And certainly Milton need not have made a trip to Italy—this, of course, came later—to have heard such songs. The elder John Milton, a musician of distinction both as performer and as composer, was associated for some years of his London life (childhood years of the poet) with a colony of Italian musicians, headed by Ferrabosco and Coperario and including many lesser composers all highly influential in bringing Italian operatic fashions to artistic circles in London.[3] The

[2]For an explanation of the modes see Curt Sachs, *The Rise of Music in the Ancient World, East and West* (New York, 1943), 216 ff.

[3]See Ernest Brennecke, Jr., *John Milton the Elder and His Music* (New York, 1938), 63 ff.

Miltons, father and son, were at home with a next generation of composers also, including the Lawes brothers, William and Henry, both pupils of the Italian musicians. Even more significant is the fact that sometime around 1630 the young poet became enamoured of a beautiful Italian singer to whom he addressed four of his Italian sonnets.[4] In the sonnet to Charles Diodati (also in Italian; 1630?) he describes this dark lady, among whose charms is the gift of "song that from her middle hemisphere Might draw the moon o'ertoiled." The Italian aria, then, undoubtedly had for our poet personal associations which make all the more meaningful its appearance in *L'Allegro*—associations of youthful, romantic love.

It is by means of this enchanting music, too, that the poet brings his lyric full circle. For the secular song which crowns the list of sophisticated pleasures, he says, appeals to the ear and to the soul which meets and attunes itself to the soul of harmony. This leads Milton to think of Orpheus—a name which in itself symbolizes the power of music—now sleeping in the Elysian fields; and he wishes to hear such music as would wake Orpheus who might himself hear "Such streins as would have won the ear Of *Pluto*" who, in turn, would have released Eurydice. Thus, by way of the Italian aria Milton arrives at the greatest of all legendary singers, a musician who also played a leading role in one of the world's great love stories; and by way of the Orpheus–Eurydice legend he comes to Pluto, king of the underworld. Hence, our poet is again where he was at the opening of the poem—with Cerberus in the Stygian regions, the home of Melancholy. The poem, then, is not merely a cycle of twenty-four hours from night to night, contrasting daytime rustic pleasures with nocturnal urban delights: it is also a kind of *perpetuum mobile* with a beautifully symmetrical form. For it opens in the underworld, mounts to Olympus for the genealogy of Mirth, goes through a typical (idealized) country day, turns at night to the artistic entertainments of the city, reaches a peak with a rhapsody on the Italian aria, and, with this music as a transitional point, moves on to Orpheus and thence back to the underworld.

This ending provides a smooth transition, too, to the twin lyric on Melancholy. It also makes a complete circle in time, from moon rise one evening to university vespers the next; and again music illuminates the entire course of the poem. After brushing aside "vain deluding joyes," the poet apostrophizes and invokes Melancholy, one of whose attractions is the ability to draw to her Peace, Quiet, and Fast that

[4]See John S. Smart, *The Sonnets of Milton* (Glasgow, 1921), 133 ff., for information about the young Italian singer, Emilia.

"hears the Muses in a ring, Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing"—that can, in other words, put one in touch with the source of divine inspiration. In adding Contemplation and Silence to the list, the poet produces a small ode to a nightingale, called by the classical epithet Philomel (lover of song), very much in keeping with the classical and musical overtones of this whole passage:

> *Philomel* will deign a Song,
> In her sweetest, saddest plight,
> Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
> While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
> Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke;
> Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most Melancholy!
> Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
> I woo to hear thy Even-Song.

It is Philomel, in fact, that diverts the train of thought from Olympus to rural England, with such night music as the curfew sounding afar off, the cricket on the hearth, the "drowsie charm" of the bellman on his nightly round. The change from country to city here is by way of the lonely tower with its Platonic contemplation; and the contrast with the parallel passage in the preceding poem is at least two-dimensional. Obviously, sophisticated joys of a more serious type—tragedy, both ancient and modern, and such Greek lyric poets as Musaeus—are posed against the lighter urban entertainments offered by Mirth in *L'Allegro*. More important, our *penseroso* simply includes these pleasures in his contemplation: there is really no change in terrain as he reads in his tower. Mention of Musaeus calls to mind again Orpheus, often associated with Musaeus in Renaissance letters. But whereas in *L'Allegro* the soul of man meeting the soul of harmony provokes in the poet's mind the image of a sleeping Orpheus who might awaken to hear marvellous music, in *Il Penseroso*, significantly enough, the poet wishes that Melancholy (always the source of inspiration) might "bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing" the same strain to the lyre as once drew tears from Pluto and caused him to "grant what Love did seek"—Eurydice. Just as he did in *L'Allegro*, the poet here uses Orpheus as a transitional figure, this time thinking primarily of the Orpheus-Eurydice *story* and of Orpheus' reputation as a poet (poetry and music being never separated in the Greek tradition) which evokes recollections of other great romances, *chansons de geste*, court poetry—all these occupying the hours of night until "civil-suited Morn appeer." Differing from his role in *L'Allegro*—chiefly that of musician—Orpheus' appearance in *Il Penseroso* is that of gifted poet-singer. In

both poems his fame as protagonist in one of antiquity's greatest and most idealistic love stories raises a further set of associations for the reader.

"Civil-suited Morn" brings with it the inevitable music of nature, rustic sounds as in the beginning (there is now no transition from city to country for the poet has never left rural England; he has simply passed the night meditating and reading): the piping of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the singing of the bee at work amid the flowers, the murmuring of water—the latter a particularly drowsy sound, provocative of "dewy-feather'd Sleep." But not for long:

> And as I wake, sweet musick breath
> Above, about, or underneath. . . .

And immediately the poet thinks of ideal music beneath

> the high embowed Roof,
> With antick Pillars massy proof,
> And storied Windows richly dight,
> Casting a dimm religious light.
> There let the pealing Organ blow,
> To the full voic'd Quire below,
> In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into extasies,
> And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

After this, day's evening merges into life's close; and the poet ends on a meditative note wonderfully appropriate for *il penseroso*. There is here no hint of a rondo form: contrasting with *L'Allegro*, the poem, complete in itself, trails off *diminuendo, morendo*.

Contrasting markedly too with *L'Allegro* and its eulogy of secular song, *Il Penseroso* finds its highest point in the beauties of ecclesiastical music—choral or polyphonic ("full voic'd") rather than solo. "Service high" refers, of course, to the sung liturgy of the Anglican Church—Morning Prayer, Evening Prayer, and Communion, all taken from the old Catholic ritual. (A Full Service is a musical setting comprising all three parts.) The earliest composers of the Service (Christopher Tye and Thomas Tallis) used an unadorned, syllabic, chordal style in keeping with Protestant ideas of simplification of church music, especially under the supervision of Archbishop Cranmer, himself largely responsible for the English Book of Common Prayer. With William Byrd, however, there was a reversion to the Netherlandish polyphonic tradition with its elaborate interweaving of parts. It was, in fact, the elaborateness and complexity of its contrapuntal style which distinguished the Great Service (also called High

Service, as in Milton's line) from the Short Service, characterized by a simple, homophonic style. And just as the English canticles thus replaced the old Gregorian chant, the anthem took the place of the old Latin motet of the Catholic service (settings of verses from the Scriptures other than those in the regular liturgy). Set for many voices and generally accompanied by the organ, the anthem became a great favourite with composers in the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. John Milton the elder, in fact, has left a number of anthems, some of which were printed during his lifetime in important collections to which the most distinguished composers of the period—Byrd, Bull, Dowland, and others—also contributed.[5]

It is interesting to note that our poet singles out the two most elaborate forms of religious music of his age—the Great Service and the anthem—as the high point of *Il Penseroso*. There is not the faintest hint here of the strict Puritan attitude toward ecclesiastical music which allowed only the metrical singing of psalms, unaccompanied. It is even more significant that this eulogy of church music follows immediately upon "the studious Cloysters pale": the church of which the young poet thinks is obviously not a London cathedral but a collegiate church—perhaps the chapel of Christ's College, or some other of the Cambridge foundations—although the poet's imagination may have been coloured too by the memory of services heard at the cathedral when Milton was a student at St. Paul's School.[6] The similarity of this passage, moreover, with lines from the twelfth stanza of Spenser's *Epithalamion* ("Open the temple gates vnto my loue") is quite remarkable:

> And let the roring Organ loudly play
> The praises of the Lord in liuely notes,
> The whiles with hollow throates
> The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
> That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Spenser's poem, like Milton's, is cyclic in time, going through nearly twenty-four hours of a bridal day. If Milton indeed had this passage in mind when he wrote *Il Penseroso*, then here again are overtones of romantic love.

Most of the musical images which heighten the beauty of the twin lyrics occur again in Milton's writings, giving a certain consistency

[5]Brennecke, *Milton the Elder*, 44–111. The larger part of Mr. Brennecke's book, in fact, is organized around these publications. See p. 153 for a list of all the elder Milton's extant music; and see pp. 165–212 for some of the musical compositions themselves.

[6]Mr. Donald L. Clark believes that Milton had in mind St. Paul's Cathedral when he wrote these lines; see his *Milton at St. Paul's School* (New York, 1948), 35–6.

and permanence to the ideas in his mind. The "soft *Lydian* Aires" of *L'Allegro*, for instance, are wafted into the stern pages of *Areopagitica* in a unique and tender passage: "And who shall silence all the airs and madrigalls, that whisper softnes in chambers?" The "jocond rebeck"—a stringed instrument, one of the ancestors of the violin, which consistently typified country life for our poet—figures in the same exhortation: "The villages also must have their visitors to enquire what lectures the bagpipe, and the rebbeck reads ev'n to the ballatry, and the gammuth of every *municipal* fidler, for these are the Countrymans *Arcadia's* and his *Monte Mayors*." The reference to the enchanting effect of the "soft *Lydian* Aires" upon the listener, furthermore, is very reminiscent of certain lines from the *Vacation Exercise* of 1628 in which our young poet begs his native language to "sing of secret things that came to pass"

> Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
> In Solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,
> While sad *Ulisses* soul and all the rest
> Are held with his melodious harmonie
> In willing chains and sweet captivitie.

Orpheus, who, as we have seen, figures in both poems and connects them inevitably with musical legend, is mentioned in the First Prolusion (*Whether Day is more excellent than Night*)—the only musician among many people from antiquity—where a hymn in honour of Aurora ascribed to Orpheus is quoted. The musician figures again in the Seventh Prolusion (*Knowledge renders man happier than ignorance*) as Milton, arguing that even trees and rocks make use of art, tells how the trees followed Orpheus' music.[7] And in the Sixth Elegy (to Charles Diodati; 1629) Milton includes Orpheus among several poets whose especially chaste and exemplary lives are worthy of imitation.

Two lines from *Il Penseroso* (". . . the Muses in a ring, Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing") are actually found almost verbatim in the Second Prolusion (*On the Music of the Spheres*): "Thus also from the very beginning of things the story has prevailed about the Muses dancing day and night around the altar of Jove."[8] The one difference in these two excerpts—*sing* in the poem and *dance* in the prose piece—shows in embryo an idea which receives more and more prominence throughout Milton's work: the idea of a universal music and a universal dance being inseparably a part of universal harmony. Milton's

[7]"At ipsi trunci, ipsa arbusta, totumque nemus ad doctissima Orphei carmina solutis quondam radicibus festinavere."

[8]"Hinc quoque Musarum circa *Jovis* Altaria dies noctesque saltantium ab ultima rerum origine increbuit fabula."

verse, as every amateur of it knows, is permeated by the concept of the music of the spheres. *Arcades*, in fact, contains the classic description of this music from Plato's Vision of Er (*Republic*, X): the eight concentric circles of the heavens—each with its siren, and all turned by the spindle of Necessity—forming as they move a harmony to which are joined the voices of Necessity's three daughters, the Fates, who sing with the sirens. The closely related idea that the rhythmical motions of the planets form a celestial dance—a Pythagorean concept also found in Plato (*Timaeus*, 40)—likewise pervades Milton's verse. In the lines from *Il Penseroso*, however, the two ideas merge into one—"in a ring" referring to a circular dance—just as they do later on in *Comus*:

> We that are of purer fire
> Imitate the Starry Quire,
> Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
> Lead in swift round the Months and Years.

Much later (*Paradise Lost*, V, 177–8), Adam and Eve speak of the stars "that move in mystic Dance not without Song." And in a really glorious passage in the same epic (V, 618–27) the Platonic ideas are beautifully harmonized with Christian doctrine, as the heavenly beings rejoice when God presents His Son to the "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers":

> That day, as other solemn dayes, they spent
> In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
> Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare
> Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles
> Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
> Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
> Then most, when most irregular they seem,
> And in thir motions harmonie Divine
> So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
> Listens delighted.

The lines at the end of *Il Penseroso* extolling the organ, the sung liturgy, and the anthem in a university evening service ("There let the pealing Organ blow") are echoed years later in a charming passage about music in the treatise *On Education* which describes the recreative effect of music upon the student and praises both the organ and "elegant Voices":

> . . . convenient rest before meat may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and

grace the well studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ stop waiting on elegant Voices either to Religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which if wise men and Prophets be not extreamly out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick harshness and distemper'd passions.

It is surely more than an interesting coincidence, in view of this close association of music and prophecy, that in *Il Penseroso*, too, Milton had touched upon the idea of the poet as the *vates*—of his attaining in old age to "something like Prophetic strain"—just a few lines after the passage on music in an academic setting. Nor is this the end of Milton's eulogy of the organ, on which he delighted to play himself all during his life, according to his early biographers.[9] In *Paradise Lost* (XI, 560–3) Tubal Cain is praised in terms of the organ and the organ fugue—one of the highest forms of musical art during the Baroque—as "our Ancestor," guided by Michael, heard the sound

> of Harp and Organ; and who moovd
> Thir stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
> Instinct through all proportions low and high
> Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.

The anachronism here—for Tubal's ancestry goes almost as far back as Adam's and his organ is as little authentic as Julius Caesar's striking clock—makes all the more significant Milton's praise of the organ and the fugue, and shows his use of the organ as a symbol of divine music in general.

Two of the musical topics touched upon by Milton in the twin lyrics are the subjects of those two of his sonnets which are distinctly musical. The very first published sonnet, generally dated 1629-30, is addressed to the same musical and melancholy bird extolled so highly in *Il Penseroso*. And two lines of this sonnet,

> O nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
> Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,

are almost identical with lines from the Fifth Elegy (1628-9), an exuberant rhapsody on the coming of spring and all it means to the twenty-year-old poet:

> Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
> Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus.

The "liquid notes" of the sweet sad bird, indeed, appear over and over in Milton's poetry; and Philomel, usually found gently warbling,

[9]See Aubrey's statement in Helen Darbishire, *Early Lives of Milton* (London, 1932), 6: "he had an Organ in his house: he played on that most" (p. 6); and that of Anthony à Wood: "He had a delicate tuneable voice, an excellent ear, could play on the Organ, and bear a part in vocal and instrumental Musick" (p. 48).

always brings associations of chaste, romantic love, whether youthful passion, as in these early poems, or married bliss. Milton is quite consistent, then, when in the beautiful epithalamion beginning "Haile wedded Love" (*Paradise Lost*, IV, 750 ff.) he has the nightingale lull to sleep the "blest pair" of lovers. Besides the sonnet to Philomel, the other musical sonnet is that to Henry Lawes (1646), "Priest of *Phœbus* Quire," which has already been noticed. A tribute from the greatest poet to the first musician of the age, complimenting him on his artistry in musical composition, the sonnet shows Milton as keenly appreciative of secular song as when he penned the twin lyrics in the groves of Academe.

The sonnet to the nightingale is one of Milton's earliest poems; that to Mr. Lawes was written nearly twenty years later. But as far as his use of music is concerned, Milton the poet is all of a piece. His handling of musical imagery, in fact, deepens the picture of Milton the conscious artist, adorned quite consciously from the beginning with his garland and his singing robes. Not that all his ideas on music find expression in the twin lyrics: the music of the spheres concept, for example, which illumines so much of his verse because it symbolized universal order for him (as it did for Christopher Marlowe) is, as we have seen, barely suggested in these poems. But all the important musical images and ideas found in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* occur again in Milton's later writings. These ideas, everywhere consistent, seem to have been conditioned as much by a genuine love of music, by participation in musical performances amid which he grew up and which he continued all his life, as by a love of classical antiquity from which many of his references spring. Not only is there no faintest trace of a "Puritanical" attitude toward music in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, there is no hint of any such objection throughout all Milton—nothing but love and understanding of the art.[10]

The musical passages in these two poems point very clearly to their early composition and to their academic origin. Mr. Tillyard has argued for a close connection of the twin lyrics to the First (Day versus Night) Prolusion, finding the poems to be almost a counterpart

[10]Percy Scholes, *The Puritans and Music* (London, 1934) has exploded the myth (current from the time of Dr. Burney and other eighteenth-century writers) of the Puritan opposition to music. It is true that in 1644 Parliament enacted a law for the destruction of organs and that a few church organs were destroyed by rowdy soldiers in the early days of the Civil War and before the creation of Cromwell's Model Army. In general, however, the Puritans had no objection to music and passed no laws against it. Many of the leaders among the Puritans, indeed, were great lovers of music. Cromwell, for example, kept a private organist, hired a forty-eight man orchestra to supply music for "mixt dancing" at a daughter's wedding, and participated himself in a musical drama at the wedding of another. See pp. 5, 130 ff., 232–3.

in verse to the prose piece.[11] Although the subject-matter of the poems is much more involved than this way of putting it indicates, there is actually another very strong link between the First Prolusion and our poems which Mr. Tillyard has overlooked: the reference to Orpheus. Orpheus' appearance in the First and Seventh Prolusions, in the Sixth Elegy, and in each of the twin lyrics is Milton's last mention of him until *Lycidas* (1637-8) in English, Italian, or Latin verse. (He is mentioned in the Latin poem *Ad Patrem*, of uncertain date, 1635-45, but probably written after *Lycidas*.) This fact is all the more striking because the most musical of all Milton's minor poems were written between his academic years and the death of Edward King (1637)—the *Nativity Ode, Passion, Solemn Musick, Arcades, Comus*—and Orpheus might well have adorned them. (Incidentally Orpheus is mentioned in the very first stanza of Spenser's *Epithalamion*—the only musician to be named in the entire poem—with which the twin lyrics have many similarities.) Milton, then, seems to have been concerned with the figure of Orpheus during his university years, during the time, that is, when he was tremendously preoccupied with fitting himself for a career as England's greatest poet-singer, and afterwards to have turned from Orpheus to other symbols for awhile.

In relating the poems to Milton's Cambridge years one must point out, too, that the reference to the Muses singing and dancing around Jove's altar occurs in both the Second (Music of the Spheres) Prolusion and in *Il Penseroso*. The warbling bird of the latter poem has a place, moreover, in the Seventh Prolusion wherein Milton, supporting his thesis that even the beasts make good use of knowledge and art, calls attention to the nightingale's knowledge of music: "The nightingale, says Aristotle, is accustomed to teach its young certain rules, as it were, of music."[12] Finally the description of Ulysses held in "willing chains and sweet captivitie" by the bard Demodocus' "melodious harmonie" in the English part of Milton's *Vacation Exercise* of 1628 which is vividly reflected in *L'Allegro* where the "melting voice" untwists "all the chains that ty The hidden soul of harmony" again relates the latter poem to Milton's Cambridge years. All these similarities, in fact, suggest a date of composition for the two poems perhaps even earlier than 1631, the time now generally agreed upon.[13]

As to the content of the poems, the day versus night debate (with its

[11] E. M. W. Tillyard, *The Miltonic Setting* (Cambridge, 1938), 1–21.

[12] "Lusciniam veluti præcepta quædam Musices pullis suis tradere solere refert Aristoteles." The bird is here called by its Horatian epithet "Luscinia" rather than by the Virgilian "Philomela."

[13] See William R. Parker, "Some Problems in the Chronology of Milton's Early Poems," *Review of English Studies*, XI, 1935, 282.

corollary of light and dark), the ideal day, the come-live-with-me theme—and one need only consult the nearest Milton bibliography to see to what extent scholars have been concerned with these topics—all these important facets of the poems are described in terms of music. In addition, the poems are Milton's earliest depiction in verse—if, as seems likely, these lyrics preceded the *Nativity Hymn*—of a theme with which he was deeply concerned during much of his life, the active versus the contemplative ideal. Mr. Hughes has pointed out the poet's preoccupation with this theme from 1642 when he wrote his *Reason of Church Government* until his final reconciliation of these two conflicting ideas in *Paradise Regained*.[14] And Mr. Tillyard has noticed that Milton was concerned with this conflict and its solution earlier than 1642: "Already in his three poems on Christ's nativity, circumcision, and passion he had indicated the spheres of activity and of resignation and the perfect union of those qualities in a heroic Christ."[15] To be sure, in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* the ideas are not clearly formulated: there is no reconciliation here in the figure of an epic hero, and there seems to be no religious implication. Indeed there seems to be no real conflict: merely a statement of the various inducements offered by the active life—rural and urban, day and night—and by the contemplative. Nonetheless, the twin lyrics show Milton aware very early of this dichotomy which was to mean so much to him as time went on; and the fact that the Seventh (Knowledge versus Ignorance) Prolusion is largely an argument for the contemplative life proves again his interest in this subject while still a university student.

The conflict, delicate and tenuous as it is in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, is posed and also resolved through the music and through the form of the poems as revealed by the music. For *L'Allegro* as a poem does indeed live up to its musical name. After the initial verses on Melancholy, purposely lumbering and awkward, the busy lines of the poem sweep along with a brisk rocking motion, its tetrameters quite similar to those of Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd*. And structurally, as we have seen, the poem is so devised as to revolve constantly. Thus form and content merge and a poem on the active life finds expression in a form supremely fitting. The tone of *Il Penseroso* is much soberer and the prevailing rhythm of the piece far different, not only in the smoother verse lines but in a different pattern of content. The poem eulogizes love and contemplation of nature, philosophy, and litera-

[14]For a discussion of Milton's Christ as heroically embodying the active in the contemplative, see Merritt Hughes, "The Christ of *Paradise Regained* and the Renaissance Heroic Tradition," *Studies in Philology*, XXXV, 1938, 254–77.

[15]E. M. W. Tillyard, "The Christ of *Paradise Regained* and the Renaissance Heroic Tradition," *Studies in Philology*, XXXVI (1939), 248.

ture, but it is in sacred music with the organ's peal in the "dimm religious light" that one's soul is dissolved and led to contemplation of Heaven itself. Structurally, then, the poem reaches its high point and immediately fades away—the problem solved—on the quiet, thoughtful note of the poet as *vates*. The reference to Melancholy at the very end not only reiterates the contemplative aspect (this Melancholy, of course, being contemplation itself, the source of inspiration, of poetry, itself) but artistically brings the second lyric full circle with the opening line of *L'Allegro*.

If the prevailing rhythmic patterns of the poems help to express the action-versus-contemplation issue, several musical ideas in each poem resolve it. Again, the figure of Orpheus is a focal point. Paradoxically, in the *active* poem Orpheus is imagined as awaking to wondrous music, whereas in the *contemplative* poem the same musician is thought of as producing wondrous music himself. Orpheus in the active poem, in other words, is a passive musician but in the contemplative poem an active creator of music. Thus Orpheus for a moment personifies the Renaissance ideal of contemplation, the thought and inward communing which is always productive—of virtue, literature, music; and thus in a way he foreshadows the Christ of *Paradise Regained*, without the strong theological implications. But religious implications are not lacking here: there is more than a dim, religious light over the whole resolution. In *L'Allegro* the sophisticated pleasures of the active life culminate in secular dramatic song which can tear out one's heart and cause one's soul to meet the soul of music itself. But in *Il Penseroso* the supreme pleasures of the intellectual life as found in a university atmosphere reach a peak with sacred music, symbolized by the organ and the full-voiced choir; and it is by means of this music that one can become immersed in contemplation of the Divine and through that contemplation attain finally divine wisdom, even prophecy—the ultimate *raison d'être* for a poet.

And so music in Milton's twin lyrics, far from being a mere pleasant accompaniment, is indispensably related to form, content, and meaning—is a means, indeed, of clarifying all three. But perhaps it has a value even beyond this, in the humanizing light it sheds upon the young poet, a gentle light which cannot fail to mitigate much of the harshness with which Milton is often and erroneously viewed. For although Milton never failed to take himself seriously, never lost sight of his grand calling as a poet, a musician, a wielder of influence, through the tender exuberance of the musical passages in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* he is revealed as a human young man with very human, very idealistic desires and aspirations. In the polydimensional figure of

Orpheus—musician, poet, prophet, enchanter, lover—Milton seems to have found an early embodiment of his own youthful ambitions and hopes, of his dedicated purpose in life. And his idealism becomes all the more real as he chooses his hero from antiquity rather than from contemporary England (or, for that matter, from the Old Testament).

But he is not all intellect, not all serious idealist: he is susceptible to the beauties of the English countryside as well as to the pleasures of cerebration. He is susceptible, too, to the charms of a young lady. The fact that, thinking of her singing, he extols Lydian music knowing perfectly well the soft, amorous, emotional effect ascribed to that mode; that his imagination makes much of the fame of Orpheus as hero-lover; that he is haunted by the nightingale's song of chaste, happy love; and that his lyrics include conscious echoes from Spenser's *Epithalamion*, one of the most beautiful of all apotheoses of idealized love—all these form a picture totally different from that of the grim, misogynistic Puritan painted all too frequently by popular writers. The picture becomes ever more meaningful in view of the fact that these basic attitudes remain constant throughout the poet's later work, becoming, if anything, even stronger. Whatever vicissitudes may have troubled Milton himself, they could not affect his love of music; and this love of music—whether the Platonic harmonies of the heavenly bodies or the "volant touch" of a brilliant organist pursuing the "resonant fugue"—cannot fail to illumine for us the poet and his verse.

SWIFT: THE DEAN AS SATIRIST

ERNEST TUVESON

IT is now generally recognized that the fourth Voyage of *Gulliver's Travels*, far from being the expression of a psychopathic hate for mankind, embodies a deep and by no means wholly pessimistic conviction about the place of man and the meaning of his existence in the universe. It is, as Miss Kathleen M. Williams has pointed out, the culmination of "Swift's lifelong attack on the pride of man, especially the pride which convinces him that he can live by the light of unaided reason."[1] She notes that men "stand apart from the two races of this animal world, separated from both by characteristics of which neither the naturally virtuous and rational animals, nor the vicious and irrational ones, have any knowledge. . . ."

What has not been fully defined hitherto is the *rationale* of this situation. In what faith is it fixed, and how did Swift come to such opinions? What, exactly, is the position of the Houyhnhnms—why, as Miss Williams points out, do they strike us as somehow cold and even repellent? Is there here some artistic failure of Swift? If they are intended to represent a "satiric norm" against which human beings are contrasted, they fail in their function, for they do not win our allegiance. Again, how are we to account for the final comedy of Gulliver, when the mariner returns home for the last time, with an almost unconquerable aversion to even the best of his own species? It would appear that this episode leaves us with a negative and despairing conclusion; yet Swift himself denied that he intended such an effect, and it is foreign to the nature of great art. Most important of all, if man is apart from the rest of creation, what *is* his nature? Does *Gulliver* indicate only what he is *not*?

We can, I believe, clarify these matters if we consider the relation of Swift's theological views to his satire, bringing together the two sides of the man which tradition has separated: Jonathan Swift, satirist, and Dr. Swift the Dean. In that separation lies the principal explanation for some of the most serious misunderstandings of Swift's work.

Henry More's *Divine Dialogues* may give us a clue as to Swift's method and purpose in the fourth Voyage. In this dialogue the different speakers represent points of view which were conflicting for supremacy. One of the most urgent problems had been raised by the theory of the plurality of worlds. What about the salvation of rational

[1] "Gulliver's Voyage to the Houyhnhnms," *ELH*, XVIII, 1951, 275.

beings who may well exist in distant planets—as well as in remote places of our own earth? It is suggested that they may be creatures, endowed with reason, who have never experienced the fall. Such beings would have no need of "that Religion that the sons of *Adam* are saved by." They would live a perfectly orderly but monotonous existence, and "no Properties but those either of the *Animal* or *middle* life" would be needed. "In virtue whereof they may be good *Naturalists*, good *Politicians*, good *Geometricians* and Analysts, good *Architects*, build Cities and frame Commonwealths, and rule over their *brother*-Brutes in those Planets, and make as good use of them as we doe. . . ."[2] But this is nothing but a "middle" life, for all its placid excellence. The heights of human existence, the glory of knowing God, as well as (by implication) the depths, are outside their ken.

These creatures remind us of the Houyhnhnms, who also are good politicians, mathematicians, etc., and lead the perfect "middle" life. Swift's ultimate point in his satire is to be produced through development of a situation in which a well-meaning but not enlightened man is thrown among such rational beings, and finds that they have as servants "brother-Brutes" representing those very qualities which the fall has produced in human nature, carried to the extreme. The dilemma and despair of that man, in his inevitable failure to be able to emulate the patterns of perfection, in his failure to understand the whole situation, would be those of anyone who attempts to account for human nature without original sin.

Swift many times asserted his faith in the traditional Christian view of man as interpreted by conservative Anglicanism. In his satirical version of Collins's *Discourse of Free-Thinking* (1713) he asserted that the doctrine of original sin is "the foundation of the whole Christian religion; for if men are not liable to be damned for Adam's sin, the Christian religion is an imposture."[3] A little farther on he declares: "So I affirm original sin, and that men are now liable to be damned for Adam's sin, to be the foundation of the whole Christian religion"; but, he observes, the whole doctrine now is disputed by divines and any free-thinker therefore may deny the whole Christian faith.

Nor was Swift merely an official public apologist for the church

[2]*Divine Dialogues, containing Sundry Disquisitions & Instructions concerning the Attributes and Providence of God* (London, 1668), 529.

[3]*Swift's Writings on Religion and the Church*, ed. Temple Scott (London, 1898), I, 177. All citations from Swift's religious works are from this edition; those from *Gulliver* are quoted from the edition of Arthur E. Case (New York, 1938). I should add that I do not claim More as a "source," although Swift was interested in More's ideas, and had his works in his library. Rather, More serves as a valuable indication of what was in the air.

which furnished his profession. In his personal statement of belief, *Further Thoughts on Religion*, he wrote that

> the Scripture system of man's creation is what Christians are bound to believe, and seems most agreeable of all others to probability and reason. . . . After his eating the forbidden fruit, the course of nature was changed, the animals began to reject his government; some were able to escape by flight, and others were too fierce to be attacked. . . . Lions, bears, elephants, and some other animals are strong or valiant, and their species never degenerates in their native soil, except they happen to be enslaved or destroyed by human fraud: But men degenerate every day, merely by the folly, the perverseness, the avarice, the tyranny, the pride, the treachery, or inhumanity of their own kind.

The fall, then, is an actual event, which produced actual, hereditary changes. In "An Evening Prayer," Swift refers repeatedly to our "corrupt nature" and to our need for divine grace. The sermon "On the Testimony of Conscience" refutes the proposition that men's natural faculties are sufficient moral guides.

What specifically was this doctrine of original sin? Swift had only contempt for clergymen who neglected the Thirty-nine Articles, and we may without much doubt take these formulations as expressing Swift's own beliefs. Article IX, "Of Original or Birth Sin," is worth quoting at some length:

> Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk), but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation. And this infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust of the flesh, . . . which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God. And although there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized: yet the apostle doth confess that concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin.

The Article rejects the extreme of total depravity and implies the existence of free will; but it assumes that original sin is more than a mere "privation" or defect of original reason and righteousness. While man has the rational faculty, he yet has a positive tendency to do evil, a mysterious dynamic spirit of perversity for which there is explanation in Genesis and remedy in the Gospel. The Article, moreover, roundly condemns the "vain talk" of the Pelagians. Their position—which, as we shall see, had special importance in Swift's time—was that human nature is the same now as in the beginning, that corruptions are those

of society rather than of the soul, and that the good and even perfect life is always possible if men will only do their best.

It follows that man's position is unique. There is something of the yahoo even in the best, for the complete transformation of human nature is a miracle the Scripture leads us to expect only at the culmination of history. For a unique problem a unique solution is provided. Thus the situation of humanity is not that described, for example, in Pope's *Essay on Man*—"this isthmus of a middle state"; man is not simply a link, so to speak, joining the lower and upper worlds. This Platonizing idea, characteristic of Renaissance humanism, would in fact take away all significance of the fall as an event which made humanity *sui generis*, and not merely a part fitting into the great mosaic of a patterned universe. Swift's vehement insistence on the reality of the fall takes on its significance against this background.

Gulliver was written in an age when new beliefs were abroad and long-buried heresies were rising up in new forms. Swift especially detested the deists, with their reliance on reason. And there had originated, before Swift wrote *Gulliver*, the potent concept of the innate "moral sense." According to this theory as formulated by Shaftesbury, the human being is naturally adapted to live virtuously in the universe, and if he fails to do so it is because his training and man-made environment somehow warp the instinctive operation of the sense of right and wrong. This was a revival, on a secular level, of that Pelagianism which the church opposed. The question of human nature was involved also in the rising faith of "progress," which assumed a perfecting of human behaviour in proportion to the increase of knowledge. All of these ideas, with their emphasis on men's completeness and self-sufficiency, would have seemed to Donne no less than to Swift signs of an "age of pride." The peculiar passion with which Swift attacked that vicious propensity to pride in man is understandable.

Swift's famous letter of September 29, 1725, to Pope makes it clear that *Gulliver* is to present the truth about human nature in opposition to illusion. When he says that man is incorrectly defined as "animal rationale," but is really "rationis capax," he suggests that reason works against powerful counter-tendencies and can succeed only with effort. When he says that "the whole building of my travels is erected upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner)" he makes a remark perfectly in keeping with the Christian tradition. For the doctors of the church never hesitated to point out that human nature with its tendency towards sin is hateful, and the

spectacle of life, viewed in one dimension, is not one to encourage love for the species. But human nature exists in another dimension as well, for there are those who through divine mercy rise above the limitations of the race. So "all my love is toward individuals," Swift confesses.

The doctrine of the fall of man explains much of the mystery of the Houyhnhnms, and of Gulliver's relation to them. It seems to be a mistake to say that Gulliver is somewhere between the yahoos and the rational horses. The fact of original sin makes the relationship much more subtle and elusive than that. The yahoos are the hypostatization of those irrational, wild drives towards evil which men inherit. The tradition of the origin of the yahoos, we hear in the ninth chapter, is that "two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain." These first two, it was said, "had been driven thither over the sea," and had by degrees degenerated; and these "creatures could not be *ylnhiamshy* (or aborigines of the land) because of the violent hatred the Houyhnhnms, as well as all other animals, bore them." The parallel of this account with that of the change of men after the fall, as given in the *Further Thoughts*, is striking. The point of the insistence that the yahoos are not aborigines lies in the fact that the present nature of man, with its dynamic "concupiscence and lust," does not belong to the regular order of the original creation. This fact helps explain Swift's use of the tradition of the "happy beast." The point is not that men should emulate the animals, even though the latter possess a constancy and integrity of nature which contrast with men's tendency to degeneration; for the plan of redemption raises man potentially to a glory animals can never know. But potentially only; and if the possibility is great, so is the danger of degradation.

The evidences of the depravity of our nature as revealed by the conduct of the yahoos are too familiar to need repetition at length. Most significant is the fact that the concupiscence of these creatures is without purpose and inexplicable in terms of any truly utilitarian desires. The yahoos' behaviour is not merely a manifestation of the impulse to survive: their actions are unique in their utter lack of point. Thus the yahoos are "violently fond of certain shining stones of several colours," which they hoard. "My master said, he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a yahoo." How indeed can a rational animal—rational "naturally"—understand the "sons of Adam"? The Houyhnhnm master never really comprehends the yahoo society as Gulliver describes it to him, in contrast with the patriot king of Brobdingnag, who despite his own exemplary virtue, understands English behaviour perfectly. But the king of Brobdingnag shares human char-

acteristics and so can enter into the minds of human beings as the Houyhnhnm cannot.

Again, Gulliver observes that "friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the Houyhnhnms, and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race. . . . They will have it that Nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that maketh a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue." Now friendship and benevolence were favourite words with Shaftesbury and his school, who sought to show that if men would only follow their real "nature" they would exemplify these qualities. In *Considerations upon Two Bills*, a few years after *Gulliver*, Swift wrote: "There are no qualities more incident to the frailty and corruption of human kind, than an indifference, or insensibility for other men's sufferings, and a sudden forgetfulness of their own former humble state, when they rise in the world." So the irony of *Gulliver* arises in part from the fact that it is only in beings of another species that "nature" can *guarantee* friendship and benevolence. Not that men never show friendship and benevolence; but they do not act from these motives without thought and assistance of grace.

But there may also be some hints that, as More speculated, fallen man may attain a height which unfallen beings cannot reach. The friendship and benevolence of the Houyhnhnms, so rational and so cold, are very different from the pity and love which, for example, the "little" Glumdalclitch shows for Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians. It is difficult to believe that Swift, who showed such strong attachment in his friendships, could seriously have expected us to admire the complete lack of affection in a human sense among the Houyhnhnms. The grief of Gulliver for his master contrasts strongly with the cool benevolence of the latter, as in the following passage, which with great skill projects an emotional atmosphere of the repellent around a theoretically admirable virtue.

> When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady, and the whole family, my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart sunk with grief. But his Honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him.

After all, Christianity teaches that it was love and compassion in the divine that made possible the redemption of the human family. And in consequence the redemption of the sons of Adam may produce a moral grandeur which the purely rational can never know.[4]

[4]The Houyhnhnms, with their complete *apatheia* and their separation of benevolence from emotion, perfectly exemplify qualities of the Stoics. This fact may point to the revival of Stoicism, which many eighteenth-century writers satirized. It

Over-emphasis on the "misanthropy" of the fourth Voyage indeed has until recent years tended to obscure the positive element in the satire. Gulliver himself proves that men can behave with dignity and goodwill. When he leaves this utopia, he first encounters savages, who shoot arrows at him; he is rescued and treated kindly by European sailors—suggesting that the notion of virtue being primitive and instinctive, but thwarted by civilization, is wrong. *Gulliver* teaches that society, despite its many possibilities of evil, is one of the means of salvation. The Brobdingnagian state shows, not perfection, but the kind of relative goodness which is available to humanity. Under a virtuous and wise king this state has attained stability and an environment which enables men to develop in freedom. Its patriot king, no benevolent despot, establishes conditions which make possible human development. Perhaps the greatest element of hope lies in the fact that the kingdom has been regenerated from an earlier state of civil conflict between the three estates. A succession of three good rulers has brought its institutions back to their original vigour. A good constitution thus remains one of the means which men can use to free themselves in part from the limitations of their natures. By implication, too, we see that there is no inevitable drift in history. Each generation, with the assistance of the means provided to alleviate man's estate, makes its estate. Swift sternly opposed any fanatical belief that some great revolution would produce an unending world of happiness and harmony; but men are never beyond redemption, either.

The close of *Gulliver's Travels* is a comedy of irony which grows very naturally out of the confusion of fallen with unfallen natures. Gulliver, carried away by the idea that men should be like the Houyhnhnms, falls into despair and an absurd infatuation for an impossible ideal. In his preoccupation with the unattainable ideal he cannot see the possible one. Swift, in the letter of November 26, 1725, to Pope, confided, "I do not hate mankind." It is only, he said, "vous autres" who would have them "reasonable animals" and who are angry for being disappointed, who really hate them. That is, realism about human nature, recognizing its limitations and its real potenti-

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may also be in point here that Swift in his sermons declares that the pagan philosophers, however exalted in ideals, are never adequate guides to the good life, since they lack the knowledge which revelation provides. He was very positive about this. To regard Swift as a classical moralist with only a tincture of Christianity is out of keeping with the whole tenor of his work. For more evidence, I refer to an article of mine, "Swift and the World-Makers," in *Journal of the History of Ideas*, Jan., 1950. Bolingbroke, in a letter of 1731 to Swift, boasts ". . . that I have ventured to start a thought which must . . . render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable." Here is a recognition of Swift's allegiance to "theology"; and Bolingbroke, despite Swift's high opinion of him, is on this matter assuredly one of "vous autres" to whom Swift refers in the letter quoted below.

alities, is not truly pessimistic. Only those who expect the impossible fall into misanthropy. In this statement Swift seems to foresee what the exaggerated optimism of the age of pride would produce—the romantic irony of the Byronic generation.

In the light of Christian doctrine we can understand the subtle relationship of the yahoo to the civilized man—a point on which Gulliver falls into great confusion. The truth is that the man of goodwill is both redeemed and a son of Adam. Article IX warns us that "this infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust of the flesh, . . . is not subject to the law of God." In terms of Swift's symbolism, the best of men can never entirely transcend the yahoo nature, and pride can reach no higher point than to fancy that anyone has done so. Yet regeneration is a fact, too; and in this paradox lies the secret of revelation, which mere observation, however acute, can never discover. We see, then, that there can be no true "satiric norm," no pattern of human perfection against which defects are set. Nor is there any permanent pattern of perfection among civilizations. The culminating irony of *Gulliver* is that when we finally arrive in a utopia, we find it is the land of another species.

Professor Ricardo Quintana has observed that "the softening of ethical doctrine and the rise of sentimentalism induced a certain amount of that horror which critics began to feel for *Gulliver's Travels*, particularly part IV."[5] True enough; but something more than a general "softening of ethical doctrine" was involved. The abandonment of the whole great Christian tradition was the issue. *Gulliver* is not, however, like most defences of religion in the time, a polemic. It is something far more effective, a supreme artistic image of human life in several societies, so constructed as to bring out the true characteristics of the human being and thus indirectly expose the fallaciousness of illusory ideas. These ideas, not man himself, are the object of the satire. At the end we reach the limits of the human, being left with the bankruptcy of the "natural" man, and are forced to seek guidance from beyond our own resources.

That Swift the divine and Swift the artist are one and the same as to opinions is shown by the uncompromising way in which the satirist uses the old-fashioned theological terms, such as "the degenerate nature of man." But we must remember that this is satire, and hence emphasizes the negative, what is *not* true and good. To see the positive, the matrix of faith in which *Gulliver* is set, we must go to the Christian moralist. By so doing we can place men, yahoos, and Houyhnhnms in proper perspective. And only by understanding Swift the Dean can we lay the ghost of Swift the misanthrope.

[5] *The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift* (New York, 1936), 294.

ON WRITING THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH CRITICISM, 1650-1800

R. S. Crane

SINCE the appearance, in 1911, of Saintsbury's *History of English Criticism*, many scholars have done much to correct and amplify in detail the story which he set forth, with so much verve and prejudice, in his chapters on "Dryden and His Contemporaries," "From Addison to Johnson," and "The English Precursors of Romanticism." The bibliography of the subject has been notably enlarged; the contributions of many interesting minor critics, not noticed by Saintsbury, have been examined; the ideas of most of the major figures have been reinterpreted, annotated, and traced to some at least of their sources; the interrelations of British and Continental criticism have been studied with increasing particularity; and the techniques of intellectual history have been used, more and more intensively, to disclose important doctrinal developments the existence of which was largely unsuspected a generation ago. Fruitful, however, as all this research has been, it has remained buried, for the most part, in learned editions, monographs, and articles; and even without this handicap, its fragmentary character—as the work of many scholars pursuing many different interests—was bound to restrict the fresh understanding of the subject which it made possible to a handful of specialists in a few academic centres. What has been wanted for a long time, therefore, is a new and much better Saintsbury, in whose pages those many readers nowadays who are concerned in a generally educated way with the evolution of critical thought and method might find a well-informed and intelligible synoptic account of what the first great age of modern English criticism succeeded in doing that can still be thought to have more than a merely academic interest.

To provide such an account was clearly the ambition of the late Professor J. W. H. Atkins in the volume on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which brings to an untimely close his projected history of literary criticism in antiquity and then in England from the early Middle Ages to the present time.[1] And he has not entirely failed. If his book has none of Saintsbury's sharpness and gusto, it has the advantage of being considerably longer and more detailed than Saintsbury's three chapters, of including a rather larger number of individual figures and dealing with many of them more amply, and of dwelling

[1] J. W. H. Atkins, *English Literary Criticism: 17th and 18th Centuries*. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. [Toronto: British Book Service]. 1951. Pp. xii, 383. $4.75.

somewhat less on the personal idiosyncrasies of critics and somewhat more on the contents of their writings. On the other hand, although Professor Atkins calls attention in his preface to a certain number of novelties in emphasis and judgment, he has neglected to profit in any conspicuous way from the scholarly literature on his subject that was available to him but not to Saintsbury; his identifiable uses of it hardly go beyond a half-dozen or so well-known books or collections of texts; and for all the good they have done him most of the many excellent articles on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century criticism in the learned journals of the past three decades might as well not have been written. This is very disappointing; but even had he made a more diligent use of what he could have learned from other modern scholars about the details of his theme, his book would still be open to the objection that it is based, like Saintsbury's—and also, one must admit, like many of the learned studies he has not used—upon an inadequate and mainly external conception of what a history of criticism in this or indeed any other period ought to be.

Let me give the dull receipt how histories such as Saintsbury's or Professor Atkins' may be made: it is an extension of the simple formula for writing the doctrinal part of the history of philosophy that was employed in antiquity by Diogenes Laertius and in the seventeenth century, among others, by Thomas Stanley. You begin by assuming that the literary criticism of any age is a body of pronouncements about something, called literature or poetry, which is thought to have a fixed and determinable nature (however elusive or hard to state) in much the same sense as any concrete event in human affairs; and you assume, similarly, that criticism itself is a single discipline, which can be judged to be better or worse, more or less adequate in its methods, according to its fitness for making clear the real or full truth about its supposed common objects and for appreciating their proper values. You take for granted, in short, that when critics talk of such general things as imitation, rules, the poetic process, genius, taste, imagination, judgment, tragedy, epic, satire, diction, versification, and so on, or of such particular things as Homer, Virgil, the medieval romances, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, the metaphysical poets, or Pope, they are talking—truly or falsely, soundly or fancifully, comprehensively or partially, profoundly or superficially, sensitively or insensitively, as defenders of the old or as enthusiasts for the new—of things that remain what they are, like the Battle of Waterloo, irrespective of anything critics may say about them. You therefore concentrate, in your reading of texts, on their doctrinal content, extracting from them mainly their explicit statements about topics that seem important

to you either because you think them important critical topics in themselves or because they appear to be the favourite topics of critics in the period you are studying. You thus acquire, as your reading proceeds, a great number of summaries and notes, each with its appropriate subject-matter heading (Dryden on "ideal" imitation or Shakespeare, Addison on "mixed wit," Johnson on the unities or on the defects of the metaphysical poets), which you then must group together in some fashion if you are to have a history rather than merely a collection of *fiches*. This you may do in different ways: by summarizing in succession a critic's different works or by arranging his doctrines under broad subjects (as Professor Atkins divides Dryden's mature critical opinions into opinions about the nature and art of poetry, opinions about the forms of poetry, and "critical standards and judgments"); by grouping your critics either by traditions or by periods, and within the latter either according to the agreements and oppositions apparent in their critical attitudes or according to their relative prominence or distinction as individuals; and so on.

All this, however, will not give you a history, but only the ingredients of one. You can construct a history, at least of the kind written by Saintsbury and Professor Atkins, only when you have hit upon a comprehensive formula for your period as a whole that will allow you to make unified and coherent sense out of the otherwise chaotic mass of doctrines you have extracted from the texts. You must have this in some form, indeed, before you can set to work at all, or you will not know how to select from the many things each of your critics may be saying those relatively few things which can be included in your book. You cannot induce the formula from the facts but must bring it to them; hence the necessity of being equipped with a general view of criticism and of its proper development (again as a single discipline) such as will enable you to make fundamental distinctions of character and value among different critical doctrines; you then merely use the commonplace oppositions inherent in this view as the end-terms of your story. You decide, for example, with Professor Atkins, that progress in criticism consists in moving in any direction that is the contrary of any of the narrow and erroneous doctrines about poetry and criticism which you have identified with the "creed" of French neoclassicism in its most "rigid" form, as represented by Boileau, Rapin, and Bossu. You take this "orthodoxy," this oppressive and sterile régime founded on *a priori* and authoritarian "rules," as your starting-point and standard of comparison; and you proceed, with the aid of such simple and general contrarieties as dogmatic–liberal, narrow–broad, outward–inward, dependent–independent, to write the history

of English criticism between 1650 and 1800 as a series of efforts, some more enlightened or daring than others, first to challenge and clear away the "errors" of the neo-classical "system," and then gradually to broaden and liberalize the outlook and methods of criticism in preparation for the "great achievements" of the nineteenth century.

The facility of this common way of constructing the history of criticism is, I think, its greatest recommendation; its characteristic and inevitable weaknesses are well illustrated in Professor Atkins' book. It is impossible, in the first place, to avoid distortion or at least oversimplification of what your critics are saying so long as you have committed yourself to a concern only with their doctrines and to an interpretation of these in the context of a pre-established scheme of dialectical oppositions. For you must treat what any critic says about any subject as a sign of his place in your scheme; and if you are to show, as Professor Atkins is bent on doing, that most of the English critics who wrote after Boileau, Bossu, and Rapin were attempting to emancipate themselves from the restricted views and "cold intellectualism" of that school, you must obviously define the "orthodoxy" they were challenging in terms that will not include any of the doctrines or opinions you fix upon as indications of the more "liberal" attitudes that were emerging during the period. The plausibility of the story which Professor Atkins tells would thus be seriously impaired if he were not able to insist that Dryden was trying "to extend the prevailing notion" of imitation when he remarked that poets are not confined to representing things "as they were or are" but might also depict things "as they were said or thought to be" or "as they ought to be" (pp. 111–12); or that there was something both new and out of harmony with neo-classical doctrine in Dryden's discussion of the Roman satirists in terms of "historical factors and the conditions of the age" (p. 142); or that Pope's allusion in the *Essay on Criticism* to the "nameless graces which no methods teach" is a sign of his not being "a representative, pure and simple, of the neo-classical school" (pp. 167–8); or that the opening argument of Johnson's *Preface to Shakespeare*, with its reference of literary judgment to "length of duration and continuance of esteem," is an indication that he had come under the new emancipating influence of Longinus (pp. 237–8); or that Johnson was helping to "dispose" of neo-classicism when he condemned "mere formal 'imitation' of earlier masterpieces" and asserted that "No man as yet ever became great by imitation" (p. 358); or that another fundamental principle of neo-classicism was being denied by Maurice Morgann and others in the later eighteenth century when they contended that there is "something mysterious" in poetry, something more

than "a mere formal art" (p. 360); or that it was a conception of poetry "newly won" in the eighteenth century which made its values consist, not in its appeal "to the intellect alone," but in its power to move the feelings, "its impassioned utterances and aesthetic effects" (pp. 185, 362–3). The truth of all these statements is guaranteed, for Professor Atkins, by his account of the neo-classical "orthodoxy" in his opening chapter; but unfortunately there is not one among the pronouncements he here singles out as "liberal" or revolutionary that would have been disputed by any critic of importance in antiquity or the Renaissance, and not one that cannot be found in Rapin himself.[2] But such is the force of a dialectical thesis, combined with an exclusive preoccupation with doctrines, that such absurdities can be perpetrated even by a conscientious historian like Professor Atkins, who was surely well enough read in earlier criticism to know better.

And along with this goes a second weakness, which is likewise, I think, a necessary consequence of the method. For if you confine yourself, in your statements about particular critics and their writings, merely to the explicit content of what is said, you are bound to reduce their arguments to a series of discrete assertions or denials, about generalized and commonplace topics, the great majority of which can have no serious interest in themselves for readers in a later age, when these topics no longer represent the questions we think important. It is doubtless well to know what Johnson, for instance, had to say about the desirability that critics should read the works they comment on, or about the value of the test of time, or about the evils of imitation, or about the limited authority of the unities of time and place, or about the genius of English versification, or about the use of general terms in poetry, or about romances and novels, or about the distinctive merits and defects of the various poets dealt with in the *Lives*—to mention but a few of the heads under which Professor Atkins groups Johnson's critical "pronouncements"; but as atomized in his treatment, all such opinions can have for us only the value of examination knowledge in critical antiquities; and we wonder how anyone can be thought a great critic who has to his credit, on the reading of the historian, only such a mass of miscellaneous platitudes or queer and

[2]See the following passages in *The Whole Critical Works of Monsieur Rapin* (London, 1706): on "ideal" imitation, II, 186; on the relation of literary works to the circumstances of their age, I, 42–54, 156, 157, II, 169, 170, 177, 210; on the "nameless graces," I, 25–6, II, 173; on length of esteem as a sign of merit, I, 116–18; on the superiority of original invention to "imitation," I, 198–201; on the element of "mystery" in poetry, II, 173; on the place of the emotions in literature and poetry, II, 25–6, 75–8, 206–9, 212–14. For the third and sixth of these topics see the excellent article by Samuel H. Monk, "'A Grace beyond the Reach of Art,'" *Journal of the History of Ideas*, V, 1944, 131–50.

outdated ideas. It is the same with all the other critics, whether contemned or admired, whose "comments," "opinions," or "pronouncements" Professor Atkins presents to us in this scissors-and-paste way. The result can only be dull writing (the writing in Saintsbury would be equally dull except for the often impertinent intrusions of his own much livelier dicta), and, what is worse, writing that is fundamentally unintelligible as history. We can hardly believe that many of these critics were not men of sense, with serious intellectual aims, who knew what they were doing; but of this we get—and can get, I believe, from the method being used—only the slightest inkling. There are no real answers, in Professor Atkins' history, to the surely relevant question of why it was that his various critics took the particular positions they did. He does, indeed, speak frequently of the changing conditions under which the criticism of his period was successively produced—of the French influences in the middle and later seventeenth century, of the rise of periodicals and clubs and the new philosophical temper which characterized the age of Addison and Pope, of the "Longinian revival" and the antiquarian movement in the next generation; but these clearly explain nothing in the peculiar character of the doctrines contemporary with them. And beyond this we get, in the way of causal interpretation, only a set of what I must call occult entities, similar to those which Glanvill, Molière, and many others satirized in the seventeenth century: as when we are told that the doctrines of rule and order in French neo-classicism had their roots in "a sense of the urgent need for disciplined order in all spheres of life" (p. 4), or that the emancipation of English criticism from this tyranny "was ultimately determined by the independent native genius" (p. v), or that the reason why the neo-classical "system" was finally rejected in England was that it ran counter to "the innate predisposition of English minds to empiricism" (pp. 146, 356), and so on, as if we explained anything merely by translating a general quality predicated of a text into an equivalent abstraction predicated of the writer or his age.

I have called this an inadequate and external conception of the history of criticism. It is external because it views what critics say from the outside, so to speak, as statements to be classified and judged in terms of the historian's superior knowledge of what is true or relevant in criticism, rather than from the inside, as statements to be understood in terms of the reasons that governed their authors in making them; and it is inadequate because it presents only the material content of doctrines in abstraction from the purposes and presuppositions that determined their precise meaning and validity in the writings from which they are taken. When I assert or deny something in criti-

cism, either in setting forth a general position or in discussing writers or works, what I say is conditioned undoubtedly by my taste and sensibility and by my knowledge of the pertinent facts; but I could not say anything at all unless I also had in mind a particular problem, or complex of problems, which I wanted to resolve, a set of assumptions or basic distinctions by means of which I could both formulate the problems, as problems of this rather than some other kind, and argue to conclusions about them, and, finally, some notion of the mode of argument best suited to my aims on this occasion. These are the three determinants of the internal character of any critical discourse; and it is impossible to talk understandingly and fairly about any critical "pronouncement" apart from this threefold context of the question to which, for the critic himself rather than merely for the historian, it was an answer, the assumptions about literature and criticism which underlay the asking of the question and the determination of the answer, and the devices of reasoning by which the answer was established.

The first step, therefore, toward a more complete and intelligible history of English criticism in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would be a systematic re-examination of the relevant documents in the light of these internal and logical causes of what their writers said.[3] Consider, for instance, Pope's *Preface to the Iliad*: whatever we might ultimately conclude about the value of this work and its place in the critical development of the century, our first task would be to read it in its own terms, as a possibly coherent argument, without preconceptions about the nature of "neo-classicism" or "romanticism" or any other such abstraction, or about what is and what is not fruitful or progressive in criticism in general. Our problem would simply be: what was Pope trying to do here and on what assumptions about poetry and critical method do his statements come closest to making sense? We should see at once, I think, that the questions he is asking are not at all questions about the formal excellence of the *Iliad* considered as an epic poem, although his remarks are grouped under the general heads of fable, characters, sentiments, expression, and versifica-

[3]For examples of the type of analysis I have in mind, see Bernard Weinberg, "The Poetic Theories of Minturno," *Studies in Honor of Frederick W. Shipley* (St. Louis, 1942), pp. 101–29; "Scaliger versus Aristotle on Poetics," *Modern Philology*, XXXIX, 1942, 337–60; *Critical Prefaces of the French Renaissance* (Evanston, Ill., 1950), Introduction; and his essays on Robortello and Castelvetro in *Critics and Criticism: Ancient and Modern*, ed. R. S. Crane (Chicago, 1952), pp. 319–71; Elder Olson, Introduction to the "University Classics" edition of Longinus and of Reynolds' *Discourses* (Chicago, 1945); W. R. Keast, "Johnson's Criticism of the Metaphysical Poets," *ELH*, XVII, 1950, 59–70, and "The Theoretical Foundations of Johnson's Criticism," *Critics and Criticism*, pp. 389–407.

tion which earlier critics had developed for the discussion of epic art; nor is he interested primarily in the *Iliad* as a product of Greek culture, although he does refer the explanation of some of its characteristics to "the nature of the times" in which Homer lived. His central problem is dictated by the fact that he is translating the *Iliad* into modern English, and that in doing this he wishes to be as faithful as possible to the essential spirit of his great original; he must therefore decide what that essential spirit is which his rendering ought to preserve for English readers. It is not enough, accordingly, to consider the *Iliad* merely in terms of the art of its construction or of its reflection of early Greek manners and beliefs; if the *Iliad* is still to be read by cultivated Britons, it must be as a poem simply; and hence the question to be answered, first and last of all, is what are the particular qualities, among those possible in poetry of any species or of any age, that make the *Iliad* a great poem; it is these which the translation must strive to preserve, and it is consequently to the definition of these that Pope mainly devotes himself in his *Preface*. His guiding assumption must obviously be one applicable to poetry of no matter what kind or period; he cannot therefore fall back on the "rules" of epic, and it would be equally irrelevant to look for principles in the tastes of readers, whether in ancient Greece or modern England. He needs principles of the greatest generality possible; and these he finds in the assumption that excellence in poetry, universally speaking, is a function of two powers in the poet—invention and judgment: the first, a pure gift of nature or genius, manifesting itself in the energy, fire, rapture, and animated spirit of the poet's imagination; the second, natural also in its source but capable of being improved by art, manifesting itself in his skilled control of what he invents. He further assumes that in the best poets the two powers unite, though usually with one or the other predominant, but that of the two, the first is indispensable and the source of all pre-eminence, whereas the second, though always desirable, is insufficient in itself to give us the greatest poetry. It is with this principle that Pope starts, laying it down as a proposition that will be generally agreed to without proof; and his argument consists in showing, by devices of analysis and comparison, that while Homer is not lacking in judgment and art, his supreme and distinguishing excellence—traceable in all the parts of the *Iliad*, from the plot down to the details of language and verse—is the unsurpassed strength, variety, and liveliness of his imagination. The *Preface* becomes intelligible, as a critical utterance, only, I suggest, when we have related its doctrinal statements and particular judgments in some such way as this to Pope's specific problem in writing it and to the general assumptions which

give sense and cogency to its argument and dictate its procedure; and we shall inevitably distort its significance in the history of criticism if we are content simply to extract "pronouncements" or "opinions" from it without interpreting these in the light of the special logical situation in which they came to be stated and the necessities which this involved for the author.

The consistent application of such a mode of analysis to the critical writings of our period would give them a status in our history very different from their status in histories like Professor Atkins': they would appear, not as signs or embodiments of the general characteristics defined for the period by the contraries of the historian's dialectical scheme, but as historical events, made meaningful individually in terms of the concrete problems their writers actually set themselves and of the principles and methods they thought appropriate to their solution. A history, however, is more than a succession of discrete events; if it is to be fully intelligible, as a history, the events must be exhibited in a context of collective causes sufficient to account both for the common elements that persist through the criticism of the period and for the variant combinations of these that appear in different writers or at different times. And we would look for such causes, initially at least, in a systematic comparison of our critics, read in the way I have suggested, from the point of view, first, of the kinds of general assumptions or principles they tended to use and, second, of the kinds of questions they preferred to ask.

The first comparison would give us the material continuity of our narrative. It would be a continuity—not, as in Professor Atkins, of a common body of doctrines which in the course of time was accepted, modified, and rejected—but of a more or less common framework of characteristic fundamental terms and distinctions which critics throughout the period, for all their disagreements on points of doctrine or appreciation, found it natural to utilize in the statement of their questions and the justification of their answers. The elements of this framework, we should discover, were of two major kinds, both of which can be seen in Pope's *Preface*. In the first place, there were the many descriptive or analytical terms designating the recognized kinds or styles of literature and the constituent parts of literary works: epic, tragedy, comedy, pastoral, satire, ode, and the like; the elevated, middle, and low styles; matter and manner, thought and expression, fable, manners, sentiments, language, verse, and so on. In the second place, there were the still more general terms, or pairs of contrary terms, applicable to the productive conditions, subjects, audiences, ends, and qualities of literature in all its branches, which served to

define the premises from which these critics argued in the construction of theories or the discussion of the beauties and faults of authors and works: nature and art, native ability and rules, invention and judgment, imagination and reason, genius and taste, originality and the imitation of models, the imitation of nature and fanciful invention, general or ideal nature and particular nature, the probable and the true, the probable and the marvellous, instruction and pleasure, the heart and the head, men of taste and the common reader, beauty and grace, simplicity and refinement, the just and the lively, truth and novelty, uniformity and variety, the regular and the irregular, the sublime and the pathetic, the sublime and the beautiful, and many others equally familiar to students of the period.

Even in such bare lists as these we begin to get something of the critical flavour of the age as a whole, something better entitled, perhaps, to be called "neo-classical" (if we are to keep that useful word) than the incredible doctrines to which Professor Atkins applies the term. For the commonplaces I have mentioned are not the same, with a few exceptions, as those which have been put to similar uses in criticism since the Romantics, nor are they identical, as a body, with the controlling terms of either Plato or Aristotle. They form, taken collectively, a particular tradition of critical "language"—a tradition that had its origins in the poetic and rhetoric of Alexandrian Greece and of the Rome of Cicero, Horace, and Quintilian; that was reconstituted and enlarged in the Renaissance, mainly through the addition of elements from Aristotle; and that persisted, with further additions from Longinus and others, to the end of the eighteenth century. It would be a mistake to think of it as a unified system or doctrine; its character was rather that of a large but historically distinguishable aggregate of commonplace distinctions, of a highly flexible and ambiguous kind, out of which many variant critical systems and doctrines could be constructed. In some of these the terms relating to the natural causes and aspects of literature were subordinated to the terms signifying its character as art (as in Rapin, Dryden, and Reynolds) and in others the relation was reversed (as in Pope's *Preface*, Johnson, and Young). In some of them, again, the terms that served as first principles were those relating to the ends of literature or its effects on audiences (as in Rapin, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, and many more)—and these were the systems most characteristic of the period—whereas in others the controlling terms were sometimes distinctions of subject-matter (as in Burke's *Sublime and Beautiful* and Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*), sometimes distinctions of language (as in Robert Lowth), and sometimes distinctions pertaining to the powers

and activities of writers (as in Pope's *Preface*, Joseph Warton, and Young). Such variations would enter into our history as part of our attempt to make intelligible what individual critics were trying to do; but it is essential to see them as variations within a general framework of critical commonplaces that was accepted without serious question by most critics of the period, however diverse and apparently opposed the conclusions they asserted by means of them. For it is inevitable, otherwise, that we should exaggerate the oppositions by making them more fundamental than they actually were or at any rate fail to interpret them in a properly discriminating way—and this either in our statements about the originality of the period as a whole in comparison with what went before (we must know at least as much of the past history of our critics' principles as any of them knew) or in our judgments of the later critics in the period in comparison with the earlier. We need not question, for instance, that Richard Hurd was bent on saying things in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* that would hardly have been said by René Rapin, but it is surely requisite to an accurate historical interpretation of the *Letters* that we should observe—as Professor Atkins, in his enthusiasm for all signs of revolt against his myth of "neo-classicism," does not—how completely Hurd's argument for the poetic value of Gothic manners is framed and carried out in terms of the same basic distinctions, relative to the possible relations of the marvellous and the probable in poetry, as had served Rapin in his *Réflexions*. The two men differed widely, but they talked a common critical language; and that is a kind of phenomenon which the historian of criticism in this period can never safely omit from his account if he is to make genuine historical sense of his facts.

The significant variations apparent in the criticism of this age are a function in part of the different permutations effected by critics among common dialectical principles (these I have just touched upon) and in part of the different major types of questions which critics were concerned to ask; and the result of our second comparison would be to bring into prominence variations of this latter kind, which would serve as collective causes, as well as formal lines of differentiation, in our narrative, inasmuch as the nature of the questions any critic asks is bound to have a determinative effect on his selection of principles and methods, just as his selection of principles and methods is bound to delimit the questions he can ask. If we examine the writings of critics in the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from this point of view, we can easily discriminate in them, I think, three major types of questions and hence three dominant modes of critical discussion.

One is the mode to which, because of the great prominence it gave

to what were often satirized as the "mechanical rules," the name of "neo-classicism" in its stricter meaning has been most commonly applied. It is the kind of criticism we get in Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (along with other kinds) and his *Preface to Troilus and Cressida*, in Thomas Rymer's two books on tragedy, in John Dennis's "remarks" on Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, Addison's *Cato*, and Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, in Charles Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry*, in Hurd's *Dissertation concerning the Provinces of the Several Species of the Drama* and in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, in Fielding's *Preface to Joseph Andrews*, in Goldsmith's essay on laughing and weeping comedy, in parts of Hugh Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, and in a great many less well known arts of poetry, books and essays on the major and minor literary genres, and reviews of plays, novels, and narrative poems. It is technical criticism in the sense that the questions it seeks to answer are primarily questions of art and construction; and it is "specific" criticism in the sense that it tends to view these questions in terms of the differing ends and ideals of beauty peculiar to the various species of poetic writing. As practiced in our period it drew its terms and criteria sometimes directly from Aristotle and Horace (though on the basis of interpretations of the *Poetics* and the *Ars poetica* that largely blurred their radical differences in principle and method) but more commonly from sources in the Italian, Dutch, and French critics of the Renaissance and seventeenth century in which the doctrines of Aristotle and Horace had been fused, in varying ways, with elements from Cicero, Quintilian, Donatus, the Neo-Platonists, and the later medieval arts of poetry. We should not be so prejudiced by this bastard origin that we fail to make clear the good reasons why, for all its evident limitations—as compared, for example, with a better understood Aristotle—this version of "specific" criticism continued for as long as it did to be taken seriously by writers of such obvious sensitivity to literature as Jonson, Corneille, Boileau, Racine, and Dryden. We should try to view it, that is, through the eyes of its exponents and practitioners rather than merely of its detractors in the eighteenth century and later, as one set of devices for isolating and dealing with very real and important problems of literary production and judgment in ways that seemed useful at the time. And we should not either exaggerate its "orthodoxy" in the earlier part of our period or conclude hastily that the eclipse which overtook it in the eighteenth century was due solely to the emergence of a more modern and "liberal" spirit. For both of the other two rival modes of critical discussion could also claim the prestige of antiquity and hence of being "neo-classical" in any but the narrowest sense of that word.

Of these rival modes the more conspicuous by far throughout the period is the kind of criticism we get—to mention only a few examples—in Dryden's character of Shakespeare in his *Essay*, his comparisons of the Roman satirists, and his remarks on Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Chaucer, and Boccaccio in his *Preface to the Fables*, in Dennis's *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*, in Addison's essays on wit and most of those on *Paradise Lost*, in Pope's *Preface to the Iliad*, and, after 1740, in Johnson (for the most part), Joseph Warton, Lowth, Young, Burke, Kames, much of Reynolds and Blair, and most of the new critics at the end of the century. It is criticism of a sort that has always been practised, in one fashion or another, whenever the questions critics ask have related primarily not to the formal or technical construction of literary works in their different kinds but to the general qualities or values which distinguish one writer from another or great writers from ordinary writers, irrespective of the genres in which they write. As a consequence, it has usually been indifferent to distinctions of literary species or has subordinated them to broader considerations; it has normally reduced the elements of works to matter and manner, or thought, emotion, and expression; and it has sought its first principles, not in definitions of forms, but either in the natural and acquired powers or habits of writers (as in Pope's *Preface*) or in some ideal of good taste (as in Addison) or some analysis of the natural responses of audiences or readers to literary discourse (as in Johnson). No one has attempted its history as a distinct critical approach; but the historian of criticism in our period would fail in his task if he neglected to point out how long and respectable an ancestry this method had had—from admired ancients like Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Cicero, Demetrius, Longinus, and Quintilian, through the early seventeenth-century Continental writers on wit,[4] to such influential French critics as Boileau, Rapin, and above all Bouhours. "Qualitative" criticism (as it may be called) was thus no novelty in the time of Dryden; but there can be little doubt that a more extensive and detailed cultivation of it was encouraged, after about 1675, first by the rising prestige of Bouhours and especially of Longinus, and then, increasingly in the eighteenth century, by the growing tendency, in writers like Addison (in his papers on the pleasures of the imagination), Hutcheson, Hume, Harris, Burke, Gerard, Kames, Reid, Stewart, Alison, and many others, to look for new bases of critical principles in philosophic analyses of human nature or the mind. For one of the inevitable consequences of this widespread philosophizing

[4]See Joseph Anthony Mazzeo, "A Seventeenth-Century Theory of Metaphysical Poetry," *Romanic Review*, XLII, 1951, 245–55.

of criticism (to which Professor Atkins does scant justice) was to bring into the foreground those general causes of literary effects—in the psychology of genius and taste, in the universal attributes of language, in the affective properties of objects and actions—that are common to all forms of literature and can be traced in the parts of works without reference to their peculiar structural principles. The upshot of these developments was a general turning away of most critics, by the end of the century, from questions of literary species and their forms and techniques to questions of qualitative discrimination and appraisal, with the result that poetry itself came to be thought of more and more, in dissociation from the forms of poetic art, as a certain superior quality, not confined to poems, of language or thought.[5]

The third mode of critical discussion is that exemplified in works like the writings of Thomas Blackwell and Robert Wood on Homer, Thomas Warton's *Observations on the Faerie Queene* and his *History of English Poetry*, Hurd's *Letters* (in one aspect), the last part of Johnson's *Preface to Shakespeare*, and a good many passages in his *Lives of the Poets*—again to mention only a few characteristic samples. It is a kind of criticism in which the primary questions concern neither universal principles of form in the different literary species nor general qualities of mind and expression but rather the relations of literary works to the particular conditions of their production, these being taken either as causes in a history or as facts in the light of which the peculiarities of past writers can be justified or excused; it embraces but is not identical with what we call "historical" criticism, and hence is perhaps better referred to as "circumstantial" criticism. That it was an increasingly popular critical mode in the eighteenth century is well known to everyone; what we should need to make clear in our history is precisely the point about it which Professor Atkins ignores—that the tradition on which it was founded was as old as the traditions of the other two modes, so that the frequent references in critics from Dryden onward to the conformity between older writers and the moral or political temper of their age or to the demands of English as opposed to French or Grecian audiences can in no way be construed as signs of an intent to break with the criticism of the past. For it is hard to see how any educated critic in our period could have found anything savouring of radical innovation in a critical principle that had been enunciated with perfect clarity by Quintilian,[6] that had been applied to the interpretation of the Scriptures by Erasmus and many others,

[5]See Norman Maclean, in *Critics and Criticism*, pp. 408–60, and especially pp. 459–60.

[6]*Institutio oratoria* xii. 10. 1–2.

and that was invoked on occasion by critics no more "liberal" than D'Aubignac and Rapin.[7] It would then remain for us, with this truer perspective, to do what has not yet been done—to discriminate the different kinds of use to which the criticism of "circumstances" was put in this period and to look for the causes of its undoubtedly increasing vogue.

For these latter we should have to go beyond the bounds of criticism itself considered as the art of formulating and applying literary principles; and the same thing would be true for many other questions of particular causation in our history. Our final major task, therefore, would be to trace the various accidental causes of what individual critics did and of what happened to the practice of criticism in general, in the many other developments of the period that supplied critics with subjects, materials, problems, occasions, opportunities, and directions. Our history would still be a history of criticism in its stricter meaning of reasoned discourse about the literary arts and their products, and it would not confuse this, as both Saintsbury and Professor Atkins tend to do, with the history of shifting literary tastes and scholarly interests; but it would obviously remain only a partial and somewhat abstract history if we failed to make its events and changes as intelligible as the facts permit by showing how they were conditioned, for example, by such events in the history of taste as the "classical" reaction against metaphysical wit and the growing cults of Homer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton; or, in the history of scholarship, by the medieval and Greek revivals; or, in the history of literary production, by the rise of the heroic play, the domestic novel, and the Gothic romance; or, in the history of philosophy, by the increasing preoccupation with "ideas" and their association and by the emergence of the Scottish school. All this would be an essential part of our problem; the distinction of our history would be that, in approaching the discussion of external causes like these, we should perhaps have a clearer understanding of what it is, in the statements of critics, that such causes cannot explain, than those historians have had who attend merely to the doctrinal content of critical works.

Here, then, in general outline, is the programme of a history which would have, I think, a good many advantages as compared with either of the two comprehensive histories of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century criticism now available to us. It would be a history without prior commitments as to what criticism is or ought to be, its assumption being merely that criticism is any kind of argued writing about the

[7]For Rapin see above, note 2; for D'Aubignac, *The Whole Art of the Stage* (London, 1684), Book II, pp. 69–73; Book III, pp. 44–5.

literary arts that has seemed appropriate, at one time or another, to their natures. It would therefore be free to exhibit critics speaking for themselves with respect to problems not set for them, after the event, by the historian but such as they themselves had formulated in the process of solving them; and its criteria of praise and blame would be based on no demand for conformity to a particular ideal of excellence in criticism but solely on an estimate of how much different critics were able to accomplish with the principles, devices, and materials at their disposal; Dryden and Johnson would still be the heroes of the story, but not because they helped to emancipate criticism from the tyranny of neo-classical rules. It would be a history, for the same reason, without a thesis. It would attempt to construct a coherent and intelligible narrative of what happened, but the coherence and intelligibility would result not from any imposition upon the facts of a unified scheme of dialectical opposites but solely from the discovery, through a comparison of what different critics were trying to do, of such evident lines of development and causal interconnection as the comparison might reveal. The governing pattern of the history, in short, would be the last rather than the first thing we would know; and hence we should be able to utilize to the full the factual contributions of other scholars without any of the embarrassment that must necessarily be often felt by historians of the *a priori* school. And the history, finally, though it would not neglect doctrines, would be a history of these in a context of the specific questions and general principles and methods which entered into and gave form and philosophic meaning to their statement. It could therefore be expected to throw light, not simply on the dead opinions and pronouncements of dead critics, but on the permanent and still living problems of analysis and reasoning which critics in all times and traditions have faced, and concerning which we ourselves might easily profit, in a good many ways, by knowing in detail how they were defined and solved by our predecessors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Letters in Canada: 1952

Part II

VI. PUBLICATIONS IN FRENCH — W. E. Collin

Exquisite perfume comes in small flasks and wisdom is often found in slim volumes. In the 125 pages of his *L'Homme d'ici* (Institut Littéraire du Québec, 139 pp., $1.35) Father Ernest Gagnon, a Jesuit metaphysician with a profound understanding of the mysterious sources of poetry and art, gives us essential wisdom distilled from a wide experience of life. Built on an intuition of man's inner adventure, a process of growing up, expanding, meeting others and the world, Father Gagnon's meditation contains an appreciation of oriental mysticism and primitive African ritual, and a fearless criticism of civilized man's beliefs since the Renaissance, even in his God and his Church. Occasionally his thought falls on French Canada. In Quebec he finds obsequious submission to public opinion, uncritical acceptance of newspapers, radio, and demagogues, standardized thinking, ready-made ideas, and, at bottom, hostility, fear, frustration. "French Canadians," he writes, "are a young nation, the youngest today on the surface of the earth. This nation wants to grow up, become adult. It must learn that its powers of growth do not reside in the solidity of its dollar, nor in the ore deposits of Ungava, nor even in a dead past." Against the frustrated, infolded man, he presents a man who stands on his feet ready to undertake his "inner adventure" and to meet others, an expanded being who reaches towards his "true stature under the eye of God." "This inner adventure is to be valued most highly because it alone produces men of weight, men of value, useful, powerful beings who alone carry a nation to the threshold of civilization and set its feet on the high plateaux of thought where the Spirit blows."

Each of Father Gagnon's thoughts has the charm of a lyrical experience. Our inner adventure is in a "universe of the depths," the womb of being. Man's fate is often played in this dark, enchanted spot which, for mystic and poet, becomes luminous with symbols and myths, "suns of the inner life," as this writer calls them. To grow, to become rich, is to venture into the enchanted spot of the presence of others we meet. "In the presence of others my own mystery is renewed and enriched and reaches beyond me." Thus Father Gagnon is led to speak of the eternal Presence which "comes and lives in the heart of my absence and sanctifies it in absolute Presence." "My presence," he

writes, "is a ray of His Presence and the inner absence of each being is filled completely. By the Incarnate Word all men of all the past and future centuries are contemporary. By the Incarnate Word I transcend space and time and live henceforth in the empyrean of the angels; I have conquered death." What touches Father Gagnon in the drama of the Hindu soul is "the refusal of the Incarnation." On the other hand, the African negro, by his mask, is "present to the world." "The sense of the essential has detached primitive man from appearances; he knows that all is mirage, that the preponderant reality lies under things and that this reality alone must be warded off. These forces dominate him, menace him; they are mystery and mask." He accepts the mask, "confers on it a power greater than that of the world of appearances, invests it with supernatural power, the power of incantation and exorcism. He becomes mystery and mask. He becomes all possible beings: wild animal, bird, rock, forest, desire, brutal force, ruse, horror, death. The black mask is the vital exchange of two mysteries." Civilized man also wears a mask. The point is: by his mask the black man is present to the world; by his mask the white man is absent. "The mask of the black man brings him close to other beings by plunging him into the bosom of cosmic forces; but civilized man's mask isolates him from others." "That being, that judge and avenger, so alert to perceive fault, so prompt to menace and punish, who haunts the religious horizon of so many of our people," says Father Gagnon, "is a mask put on the face of God. One of the major causes of our spiritual sterility is the primacy given to the ethical to the detriment of living faith and love."

Robert Elie finds in Father Gagnon's book the answer to a question that troubles him. "Why," he asks, "have we never had the revelation of a radiant holiness? No doubt we could find in our convents contemplative souls with the virtues of a little Theresa and, in some isolated region, a priest consecrated to poverty. But we have no St. Theresa, no Curé d'Ars, no Jean Bosco. . . . No genius has yet given to the soul of my country the voice that would express it and enable it, in expressing itself, to blossom forth in its fulness." The remedy that M. Elie finds in Father Gagnon for this lack is "fraternity."

> There is no inner adventure but in a vigilant fraternity. To advance alone along the royal highway is to escape from the present of daily life and break the bonds which unite us to others and which define our human condition. . . . God alone cannot make a saint, and holiness cannot be a secret pact between man and God. Genius alone is not sufficient to enable us to soar over an infinite abyss; in addition, thought must take human form and become flesh of the flesh and soul of the soul of human-

ity. . . . Love is triune: God, self, and one's neighbour; the absence of one of these terms severely injures it.

The same question troubled Robert Charbonneau a few years ago and it troubles several writers this year, especially Father Jean Bousquet, the author of *Le Diable apparaît à Saint-Tristan* (Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 189 pp., $1.25). He has invented a dialectical form to deal with it. In his earlier "romanced diary," *Les Tribulations du Curé de Saint-Tristan*, Father Bousquet revealed himself as a humourist. Here he is at grips with the problem of keeping the attention of his flock fixed on their religious leader at a time when people are inclined to seek amusement in the city. Conscious of the importance of workers' movements and clubs, he has an amusement park equipped with swings and slides, croquet and tennis lawns, even a shallow lake with row-boats. He has turned his parish hall into a school for adults where he gives object lessons in mathematics and astronomy. Once a week mothers come to hear talks on pedagogy. The priest drills them especially in the art of answering their children's embarrassing questions with the aid of biological analogies. In return the mothers promise to teach the catechism to their children at home. The important invention in the book is the fiction of Alexander. This young man is a poet who has frequented the Protestant society of New Brunswick and one feels that he is the personification of the priest's old Adam, or Caliban, as he calls it, his doubting, worldly spirit. Like Robert Elie, Alexander is bothered with the question of saints and scholars. To his charges that some priests have little talent and have never opened a book since they left the Seminary, the priest answers:

> I know a priest, despised by most of his parishioners, who is not far from being a Curé d'Ars. The priest at Belleville was one of the best professors of physics, chemistry, and mathematics the Seminary ever had. The priest at Saint-Omer, a modest country parish, also taught there on his return from Europe. This priest is perhaps the most able metaphysician of our time. . . . But most are men of their time, men of action with little leisure for study or contemplation. They find themselves caught in a vicious circle of action for action's sake. They are practical men and they have played a providential role in the history of our racial struggle for survival.

This fiction also provides him with an occasion for re-affirming Catholic doctrine. Compared to the Protestant Church which, though but four centuries old, is crumbling, the Catholic Church does not die. Its survival is a miracle; it is solid and vigorous because it is one. Protestants do not have a true theology, but Catholics have the splendid Thomist synthesis.

II

Considered in the light of Father Gagnon's conception of growing up as an inner adventure and a venture into the presence of others this year's novels might be placed in three categories. First there are novels in which the inner adventure is blocked and the spiritual vitality drained off to nourish old myths and shibboleths. M. Emile Gagnon's *Une Fille est venue* (Québec, Edns du Quartier Latin, 231 pp., $1.50) and Father Aimé Carmel's *Sur la route d'Oka* (Montréal, 221 pp., $1.50) are such stories. Both are "deserter" stories. In the one case the deserter, after sinking into abjection, is accidentally killed. His father is about to sell the farm when his daughter steps in to announce that she is going to marry a youth who will take the traitor's place and save the farm for new generations of a race that will not die. "Cradles, blessed cradles!" is the song this author sings. In the second story the deserter, who has married a city girl and gone to the United States, returns to the fold. This "cursed child" knows that he has not been forgiven for leaving the country and feels guilty. He must make amends. The moment is propitious. In the north there are vast lands waiting for settlers. The government is offering to transport and establish couples who are willing to migrate. Along with others Oscar and Lucile decide to settle in the north and continue along the royal road of their ancestors. Great is the joy of the colony when Lucile bears a child. "Hugging it to her breast with all her love she thanked Providence for giving her a son, a peasant and the son of a peasant."

Such works are artificial products, made of Groulx and Grignon ideas and puffed up with Hémon's racial lyricism. M. Gagnon would have us believe that great men are made of farmer Dupont stuff. But this man is a closed being, incapable of understanding his boy and unjust in his reasoning about other classes of workers. He knows only one mystery, his own; when he meets the mystery of another being he recoils. The other is incomprehensible, detestable, evil. On the greatness of the priest who stands with open arms to welcome colonists we find notes in M. Lemelin's new novel and in the biographies of modern saints.

Certain novels dramatize the anguish of the search for grandeur in the modern world. M. Bertrand Vac, who has spoken of narrow-mindedness as the dominant quality in this country where reflection is held in low esteem, has been awarded the Prix du Cercle du Livre de France for the second time. This prize was founded three or four years ago by M. Pierre Tisseyre with the aim of providing success for a man's book so that he might devote himself freely to his writing.

Like the Prix Goncourt in France, it no doubt profits both publisher and author. M. Vac's new book, *Deux Portes . . . une adresse* (Montréal, Le Cercle du Livre de France, 240 pp., $2), presents the dilemma in which Canadian man finds himself as a consequence of his experience of war in Europe. Seen by a man who has evolved, grown old beyond his years in war, in meeting others, in witnessing sacrifice and the destruction of beauty and joy, Canadian life appears stagnant and commonplace.

A young engineer, Captain Jacques Grenon, follows the army of liberation across northern France into Belgium and Holland. At Béthune he is fascinated by a young lady, Françoise Clair. In the brilliant, intoxicating atmosphere of a party given in his honour Captain Grenon dances and drinks champagne with Françoise in whom he sees his ideal. As the front moves on Grenon follows; but he promises to return to Béthune at Christmas. Françoise writes him passionate letters in which she ardently pleads with him to return to her. Among the ruins of towns and mangled bodies Grenon reads a letter from his wife Bertha whose horizon is bounded by herself, her mother, and her two children. Grenon reflects: "She cannot understand that people are dying of hunger. We have nothing in common. There is nothing in her." Compared to Françoise, Bertha is illiterate, a commonplace woman whom he no longer loves. Grenon does not see Françoise again until he is about to leave for Canada when he makes a quick trip to Honfleur where she has a beautiful estate near the sea. He promises he will do everything possible to meet her again. Back home in Canada, Grenon finds himself in a city apartment with a wife he does not love and two children. For his wife, "his return was the end of a stoppage in time—simply that." But he had evolved.

> When he stopped to think, anguish incited him to shout, to say cutting, unjust things, for the simple pleasure of hurting others, of upsetting the smiling torpor that enveloped him. If he surrendered, it would soon be the end of his ideals. He would enter into line again, brought low by what is called normal life, their life, that is, births, children, school, marriage, death; death even before you have lived.

Like the hero of Robert Elie's *La Fin des songes*, Grenon feels himself a stranger among his own folk. His anguish is metaphysical, absolute; a revulsion against civilization.

> They had remained anchored in their prejudices, narrownesses, which wounded you as soon as you entered them. Coldness became inevitable as soon as you touched on current questions of race, language, religion, on the great problems of the country. Everything in them irritated Grenon, their slowness, their non-evolution, which he qualified as cretinism. In

their eyes his breadth of view made him pass for a *vendu*, sold to the enemy. He could no longer understand them. He felt he was a target, attacked, drawn into a snare. And so he was.

He becomes cynical. Why can the country's heroes not renew acquaintance with old friends? "Because they had gone to the gates of death to find light and men do not know what to do with light. The country would put them back into the mould of banality, envy, moral wretchedness, vulgarity, mock modesty, hypocrisy, all that enervates a man." Grenon rails against the leaders, the civilization, the saviours of the world; but in the end he folds back on himself, into a savage isolation. In his trunk he finds a packet of Françoise's letters and puts them into a copy of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* which he carried in his kit-bag; he knows that his wife will not find them, for she never reads books. He also comes upon the ivory statuette that Françoise gave him as a souvenir. He places it on one piece of furniture after another but it belongs nowhere, as everything around it suddenly becomes ugly. A military friend offers Grenon a job as an agent in Paris. He is about to accept it when he collides with a boy's tricycle and realizes that he cannot leave his children. His friend then invites him to join him in a building scheme, the construction of a model city on the outskirts of the city. "That would be the salvation of me," exclaims Grenon, who thinks he could live there. When he proposes a week-end trip to the country, Bertha replies that she is not ready, that she has promised to visit her mother, that she does not want to miss a bingo party. Grenon's final acceptance of the impossibility of realizing his ideal is the measure of his weakness. What the end of his dream is we can only conjecture.

In Ernest Pallascio Morin's *La Louve* (Institut Littéraire du Québec, 206 pp., $1.50) there is mention of a veteran whose mangled body was found on a railway track and his death is attributed to the malice of a wealthy cousin, a fiendish woman who had closed her heart to love. *La Louve* is a study of one of the human types who dominate civilized society today: the industrialist. M. Morin is essentially a dramatist; the art in this book is an art of confrontation, of driving circumstances to a point where a character must choose between two courses of equal tragic potential. Sébastien Mars has grown powerful by building up a huge enterprise which furnishes construction material to contractors. The book opens with a death-bed scene: Mars is dying of cancer and his only concern is for the future of his enterprise. Affection has played no part in his life. His wife has chosen to efface herself from his vision. His children he hardly knows. Henri, the oldest, is a wastrel. Pierre-Yves shows leanings toward the re-

ligious life, a vocation the industrial magnate could not understand. Odette is too young to consider. Mars' choice of a successor falls upon the elder daughter, Antonia. He prefers her because she has his strong will, his spirit of domination, and she has closed her heart to love. On his death, Antonia assumes control of beings, things, and events. Within a short time she triples the business; but her principal thought is to use the power she wields in financial and political circles to destroy the happiness of others. She makes life insufferable for her mother; she dupes Henri of half his inheritance; she engages a ballet dancer, whose father is indebted to her, to seduce Pierre-Yves who manages to extricate himself by going to China as a missionary; she connives with the Minister of Public Health to have Odette's fiancé, a young doctor, sent as far away as possible. Her lover gone, this distracted girl is found sitting in her car in the garage, asphyxiated. The reader is led to associate Antonia's success as an industrialist with an unfortunate love affair of her own. She was made for love, we are told, and her lover jilted her. Rancour takes the place of love in her heart. The happiness of others causes her real suffering and wherever she finds it she tries to destroy it. We learn her secret from a psychiatrist, a man Antonia contrives to keep near her because he resembles the man she loved. In the end, when cancer has undermined her physical strength, she attempts to stab this man she loves and despises.

This "she-wolf," like her father before her, is the incarnation of the industrialist spirit. To be grand is to close your heart to love; to unfold and evolve is to expand your business; to be adult is to be a big, aggressive force in society. It was to the end of demonstrating the evil effects of this spirit on the natural passions that M. Morin created Sébastien Mars and his daughter the she-wolf. Both die of cancer, the cancer of the industrialist spirit.

What M. Roger Lemelin finds in French Canada is a cancer of the soul. The young French Canadian, M. Lemelin believes, is a man like Stendhal's Julien Sorel: a resentful man animated by a dream of grandeur but crippled by a guilty feeling that renders him impotent. The Pierre Boisjoly of *Pierre le magnifique* (Institut Littéraire du Québec, 277 pp., $2.50) is this young soul which burns with resentment and tilts at the giants of society: old prejudices, class privilege, the knitted forces of religion, politics, and industry. His mother, widow of a drunken fireman, has few interests; she is happy to watch a floor shine as she polishes it; she asks for nothing but three meals a day and a few dollars to go to bingo parties two evenings a week. But Pierre, like Julien Sorel, is a brilliant scholar, protégé of the Abbé Loupret who dreams that his favourite pupil will one day be a cardinal. Lou-

pret is the expression of Pierre's desire for grandeur on the religious plane. Another of Pierre's instructors at the Seminary sees in him a Canadian Rastignac, the law student of Balzac's fictions who resolved to conquer Paris. "Go, new Rastignac," says the Abbé Lippé, stretching his hands toward the port, "Quebec is yours. You will conquer and then, after your triumph, you will be miserable and you will meet, in yourself, the true Minotaur that has to be conquered." On the same occasion Lippé remarks that this true Minotaur is "in the very bosom of Catholicism eating it like an immense cancer: it is called mediocrity." Lippé was nicknamed "Voltaire." He is the expression of Pierre's mocking spirit. What does the Church do with its great men? "Look at this noble face," says "Voltaire," showing Pierre a snapshot of a priest. "He was to be named Rector of one of our universities, but he planned some drastic reform in the educational system and he was named parish priest in a colony in the north country." The disease in Pierre's soul is revealed in his relations with Denis Boucher, a character who figured in *Les Plouffe*. Now in his thirties, Boucher is living with a mistress, Fernande. He is the resentful man in Pierre, the man animated by the base passion of revenge, the impotent man who can do nothing but say "No." "I have always been tense like a tiger ready to spring upon life and I have sprung upon nothing." His clenched fists are a sign of his impotence. "I was born and I lived in the working class section of Quebec city," Boucher tells Pierre. "My childhood was rebellion. I was revolted by the poverty and ignorance of those about me. I spent my childhood looking for enemies, people to whom I could say 'No.' . . . At school, like you, I was brilliant. Everything was easy. Then, at eighteen, I thought that women were responsible for men sinking into mediocrity. One night I embraced a girl. When, after my brutal embrace, she opened her eyes, I slapped her face and left her." With a copy of *Le Rouge et le noir* in his hand Boucher ruminates: "I wonder what Julien Sorel would have aimed at in Quebec these days? More than ever, I believe, he would choose the priesthood to satisfy his unbridled ambition. It is the only profession today still arrayed in the splendour of the Middle Ages, of which it is the continuation." "I would do anything to be great," Pierre gasps. Fernande is beautiful; he is angry to think that she could be Boucher's mistress. He says to himself: "He is strong perhaps. But his revolt is negative. I shall conquer. I shall succeed in being magnificent."

At the age of nineteen, armed with a will to be great and a desire for revenge, Pierre sets out to conquer Quebec. This Canadian Julien Sorel meets powers greater than himself. In desperation he clings to Fernande but he is rescued from impure love by Father Loupret who

speaks to him of God's pure love and leads him back to the Seminary. "Magnificence again opened her eternal arms to Pierre who cast himself into them with loving surrender." This man assigns himself a reason for being: "to live pure and magnificent, to say no to every sin, even original sin." "He was only a poor child," says the author, "still in the grip of the last shivers of a frightful fear." He imagines he was responsible for the death of an old lady; a sense of guilt pierces his armour, exposes him to his enemies, ridicules his magnificence. With fierce Stendhalian irony M. Lemelin has plumbed the pathos of the young French-Canadian soul, animated by generous, heroic impulses but incapacitated by the terror of guilt, "tortured by the necessity of choosing between death and grandeur."

A third type of romance, Mme Jeanne Desjardins Rivest's *Les Fous de l'Ile Heureuse* (Institut Littéraire du Québec, 188 pp., $1.50), represents the world as a deformed body in which the imprisoned soul creates for itself an inner world of beauty, harmony, and fraternity. Spiritual substance enshrined in a rare beauty of thought and language make this work shine like a new star in the firmament. Its place is beside Robert Elie's *La Fin des songes*. In the estuary of the Joyeuse, a river which has its source in the Laurentians, so the story goes, is a small island called the Happy Isle, forming the parish of Notre-Dame de l'Espoir. To this happy isle came "robust farmers, skilled craftsmen and artists seeking the peace of creative inspiration" and, as the years passed, they formed a small community, free, independent, satisfied. As in the Middle Ages certain tasks, like the building of the church, are shared by all without remuneration. Masons, carpenters, sculptors, painters, musicians, writers "fraternize with each other, love and help each other, like members of one family." What life in this modern Utopia actually means is communicated to us in a diary kept by a girl who was born and has lived there. Miriam Lhandes, having lost both her parents, is befriended by Dr. Lecours who, though Miriam does not know it, is her real father. Dr. Lecours makes it possible for Miriam to study medicine at the University of Montcourlis. There she is awarded a graduate scholarship which takes her to New York. Called to attend a patient in a Harlem hospital she meets again a fellow student named Dominique Lopez. His parents, ruined in a financial crisis in Brazil, had emigrated from Bahia to Montcourlis; since she has last seen him he has continued his studies in Europe and New York. Because Miriam is blond and Dominique black they are known at the hospital as "Night and Day." On completing her term as intern Miriam settles in the Happy Isle where she expects to spend her life assisting Dr. Lacours. Dominique Lopez finds her there and,

with Dr. Lecours' blessing, they are married. That is one of the significant experiences the author wishes to impress on our minds: the marriage of white and black. "I have had to suffer humiliation," says Dominique, "because my ancestors, born under an African sun, were sold like animals by whites and lived under the yoke of slavery. How I loved them! They were intelligent, honourable, worthy, thank God; good people whom I would never think of disowning." "You would be in the wrong," Miriam replies, "if you disowned them. What counts is the personal value, the moral and spiritual value of individuals."

But the full content of this author's thought is expressed through the figure of a boy who is born to Dominique and Miriam. He is named Dominique after his father whom he resembles. "He looked like a doll from the South; a round head, curly black hair, big black eyes, a short nose and full lips were signs of his descent from distant black ancestors." It is not long before the parents discover that their child is hydrocephalous and destined to live but a few years. The father, wishing to consult a famous German specialist, starts off for Europe but meets his death on the way to New York when his car skids and turns over. All Miriam's love is now concentrated on her infant. Despite medical prognostications he lives to be eighteen; but his body is deformed, his limbs frail, his head so heavy that it has to be supported on pillows, and he suffers continually. Yet in this deformed body is housed a pure spirit. "Persuaded that our boy would always be different from others, by his spirit as well as his physical conformation, we had to teach him at a very early age to create for himself an inner world, to live in and by himself. . . . Thought was his refuge, art his consolation. . . . Dazzled by the magic of his dream he could at least momentarily forget the sadness of his fate." In his loneliness Dominique develops rare gifts of discerning the store of beauty and wonder in people and things and spends long hours painting and composing music.

> I can hear inside myself a hurricane of music in which all the harps and flutes, horns and oboes, violins and clarinets, all the instruments in the world burst into gigantic symphonies, into melodies and songs the power and passion of which convulse me, grip me, stifle me. At whatever cost I must write these themes, these phrases, these harmonies. If I cannot translate them, deliver myself of them, I shall die.

So Dominique translates his visions of beauty into marvellous melodies. His *Berceuse*, written on the theme of an old Portuguese folk-song, his *Symphonie marine* and *Concerto à l'Ile Bleue*, are loudly applauded by the people of the Happy Isle and Dominique's fame spreads far and wide. But when his works are produced in the city of Montcourlis the

pianist strays from the score and improvises a mixture of themes from Mozart, Beethoven, and Debussy till the audience shouts for the little clown, the piccaninny who has plagiarized the great composers. The experience is too much for Dominique, his dream is destroyed, his spirit dies.

During the war Dr. Miriam Lopez serves with a medical unit in Italy. Exhausted with long hours in an underground operating theatre she catches pneumonia and has to be repatriated. The carnage she has witnessed fills her mind with visions of horror. Before she dies she confides her diary to Dr. Lecours. It is in a cabin in the Laurentian hills that he reads it, one cold damp evening under the lamp light, and when he has read it he walks off into the bush and is never seen again.

What is the message of this book? As Dominique was a beautiful soul in a deformed body, so in this deformed civilization there are men whom the modern city calls mad; men who, "despite war, unjust dominations, racial hatreds, believe in sovereign beauty, universal fraternity, and the equality of men in the courts of love."

III

The poets of the Montreal Literary School liked to picture their souls as beautiful things. Nelligan thought of his as a ship sculptured in massive gold and laden with treasures. Patriotism, regional loyalties, Canadian life did not inspire them. They wanted to live away from human tempests in the presence of beauty, in the world of Albert Samain, in the Greek world of Jean Moréas. Jean Charbonneau was one of the founders of the school. As we read the poems in *Sur la borne pensive* (Paris, Librairie Alphonse Lemerre, vi, 246 pp., $2) we are taken into a "garden of delights," delight of roses, Persian lilacs, pergolas, fountains, pools, swans, Tritons, ruined temples. We enter the presence of the Cyprian Venus. Life is a spectacle of supernal beauty. That lotus-land seems far away now and the poems, instead of intoxicating us, make us very conscious of the revolution that has occurred in poetic art over the last half-century. In French Canada the cult of Mary has conquered and the Cyprian Venus worshipped by Nelligan and Charbonneau is but a pagan memory. One of the priest-poets of the established religion is Roger Brien who prefaces Germaine Desjardins-Versailles' collection of meditations and prayers addressed by a mother to the divine mother, *Je suis Marie ou Celle qui vient* (Nicolet, Centre Mariel Canadien, 171 pp., $1.50).

Yet the memory of a beauty that has gone is a haunting memory. We detect the perfume of a lost world of beautiful hopes in Marjorie

MacCubbin's poetry. "Château en Espagne" in her collection *J'ai à vous parler . . .* (Montréal, 86 pp., $2) is a dream of elegance that has vanished. But this poet's happiness is so frail a thing that it has to be sheltered and her art rests too confidently on the beauty of langour and resignation. The poetry of women of our time should be made of sterner stuff. The same image is prominent in Sylvain Garneau's poetry, but this poet creates pathos by filling his dream castles with the mad dances of young lovers. In *Les Trouble-Fête* (Montréal, Edns de Malte, 77 pp., $1) M. Garneau has discovered the power of ballad rhythms. As he goes about the city, in elevators, street-cars, restaurants, he meets people of every description: stenographers, factory girls, young reporters, men who muse over a coca-cola, office men "expert with the telephone." They are ironic masks through which transpire the fear, boredom, rancour they are meant to hide. "La vie est belle et l'air moisi." Stenographers come in for a large measure of this poet's pity.

> Fillettes aux chemises blanches,
> Sur vous j'ai déversé mon fiel,
> Quand, du haut de vos gratte-ciel,
> Vous attendiez les beaux dimanches.

Two of this year's poets, Pierre Trottier and Fernand Dumont, rise far above their fellows by virtue of imaginative dexterity and the density of their spiritual experience. To enjoy the art of Pierre Trottier we must first realize that it springs from a radical duality in the poet himself. *Le Combat contre Tristan* (Montréal, Edns de Malte, 81 pp., $1) is the combat waged in the soul of a poet between the desire for fulfilment and the sense of impotence. The one power drives him along a road of adventure and the other brings him to a stop in the city; his road therefore is a road of joy and sorrow. Like Tristan in the old story he was born in sadness. Urged by his desire for fair Iseult he ventures forth; but what he meets is a dark lady born of his own despair. Under the power of the feeling of impotence this Tristan turns and woos the dark Iseult with hands of snow. The world is a dark night; the palace of beauty sinks into a lake of ice; the stars stop for a moment on icy flagstones that cover the body of fair Iseult. Tristan's soul is this city of night lights; frozen music in the form of snow crystals descends from the organs of the mountains and melts on his forehead; it is fair Iseult's song. In his resentment he dresses pure beauty, the Iseult he cannot possess, in the cold satin of imperfection.

Besides the beauty of a "moralité légendaire" and the beauty of "spleen" and "correspondance," there is in M. Trottier a beauty

which is Canadian. This young poet is a secretary in our embassy at Moscow. He now sees Canada, his country, from the outside, from afar; in childhood he saw it from the inside. By profession and from the outside he sees it as a whole. In childhood, in "the school of night," he called out the name of his country and the echo that came back was broken into ten different names of provinces, ten pieces of dark sky, full of tears. Out of the anguish of the impossibility of restoring wholeness to these broken fragments M. Trottier produced "Femme aux couleurs de mon pays," a beautiful poem in which he celebrates a Canadian Iseult whose tangled locks, floating on the waves of different religions and languages, are blown by contradictory winds which make her afraid of being united in love.

Femme aux couleurs de mon pays
Ta chevelure écume sur des vagues
De religions de langues différentes
Ta chevelure écume en boucles
Où se trouve captive
L'étoile de mer de ma main
Qui ne parvient pas à les démêler
Dans tous ces vents contradictoires
Qui te font peur d'être une dans l'amour.

Anguish born of racial division is a new experience in Canadian poetry. The mystic poetry of M. Fernand Dumont's *L'Ange du Matin* (Montréal, Edns de Malte, 79 pp., $1) is the expression of a religious experience which proceeds from the fundamental duality of the human person. M. Dumont's art is difficult. At the end of this collection of poems he writes "Conscience du poème" which, he says, is not a "theory of poetry" but an attempt "to express the moments when poetry ceases to be consciousness of the soul and becomes consciousness of itself." Reacting against the surrealists, he feels that

> the poem is not situated in the unconscious but in consciousness. It is search for depth; a search in which man, far from surrendering himself to the dark forces of his being, tries to make them pass into consciousness. . . . It incites the reader to live his own inner life. It is but an instrument. We use it for our inner life as we use a saucepan in the kitchen. It does not make us know anything; it is search and itinerary. The poet does not formulate—he must refuse to formulate—inner values. He is responsible for them. The poem is a dialogue; in it the poet tries to reply to what is purest in his soul. Man retires into solitude. But solitude is a vacuum and a mist if poetry does not enter and give it density. Then poetry is the flesh and blood of silence.

Mystics know that silence is the root of the soul's life. They know too that "man is a being of dialogue." If they are poets they must

clothe their silence in words; the ineffable must be uttered. Hence the need for *décor*, as M. Dumont calls it. "Cloud and green grass are materials for the self-construction of man." As in all mystical poetry there is here the duality of spirit and flesh; the spirit's life in the flesh is indeed the mystery at the core of this poetry. The soul is enchained, imprisoned in the flesh. It is light in darkness; it is silence in a tempest; it thirsts and no water of earth can quench its thirst. In the surge of earth's vegetative life it is crucified. It is a "bitter bird" which drinks the light on the roads of the world, lined with the gravestones of our hopes. "Christ is conquered and our hope, our stains and our joys are in the winepress and flow over our fallen night, mingled with our spittle and Thy blood."

La paix dévale sur le silence
Pauvre silence en croix parmi l'été
Mais nos pas titubent dans les Tiens.

The soul seeks to walk in Christ's steps. Death will deliver it unto itself. It will become that which in eternity it really is. "Rotten with darkness, thou shalt descend into the heart of the Dawn," the empyrean of God and his angels. Clément Lockquell closes his brief preface to the book with these words: "Dark are the poems of Fernand Dumont, but with a darkness in earnest of the dawn. He is a poet after the order of St. John of the Cross." One example will suffice to convey something of the richness of his poetry.

Qu'importe le limon aux pieds de nos plaisirs
La vision des essaims de l'éternelle soif
Et l'abjection où grouillent les cadavres des morts
Puisque j'ai souhaité la trace de ton sang

Les heures couleront à la lampe de l'attente
Le jour rejoindra les eaux de ma prière
Je ne sais si tu viendras
Comme le premier soleil à la mort de la nuit

Mais dans les hautes herbes du miroir des ténèbres
Comme l'oiseau rauque guidé par son chagrin
Toujours je chercherai le vieux sentier perdu
Parfois jonché du tonnerre de ton amour.

IV

In compiling his new edition of Nelligan, *Poésies complètes, 1896-1899* (Montréal, Fides, 331 pp., $2.50), M. Luc Lacourcière has followed the best French models: Le Dantec's *Baudelaire*, Henri Mondor's *Mallarmé*, Rolland de Renéville's *Rimbaud*. He has sought to establish an exact biography of Nelligan, free of legend; he has

collected many more poems. "Notes and variants" now extend over forty pages. The twenty-two page introductory essay was composed with the aid of original documents furnished by relatives and friends of the poet. We are perhaps as much interested in what M. Lacourcière says about the Literary School of Montreal, and especially Louis Dantin, as about Nelligan himself. Nelligan was accepted into the group after a reading of "Berceuse" and "Le Voyageur." Certain of the poems which he read at their meetings, "Tristia," "Danses des gypsies," "Fantômes," are now lost. He achieved a triumph when he recited his "Romance du vin" at a public meeting organized by the group. The "Romance," we are told, was the poet's reply to his critics. Louis Dantin, who was present, wrote: "One evening I saw Nelligan in his full glory. . . . When, animated by inner emotion, his eye aflame, he recited with an impassioned voice his "Romance du vin," deep emotion gripped the audience and their applause became a furious ovation." Besides being the finest of literary critics, Dantin was a printer. Carried away by his enthusiasm he not only compiled and edited Nelligan's poems, he also printed them. He did this unbeknown to his superiors who employed him as editor and printer of a little religious magazine, and M. Lacourcière is persuaded that the discovery of this clandestine edition occasioned Dantin's departure for Cambridge, Massachusetts. There again Dantin lived a secret life which he transformed into a sad and beautiful romance, *Les Enfances de Fanny*. Following the trail of Nelligan's glory, M. Lacourcière notes that about 1910 he became the idol of the group called L'Arche. Marcel Dugas, the critic of the group, wrote: "The men of my generation saw in him a Canadian Baudelaire." In 1930 Jean Charbonneau gave a radio talk in which he recited Nelligan's poems. From his retreat, poor Nelligan listened but evinced no interest. Among later works on this rare genius the editor notes "two remarkable critical studies" by two poets, Gérard Bessette and Alfred DesRochers.

The period M. Séraphin Marion studies in his latest volume, *La Bataille romantique au Canada français* (Hull, Edns "L'Eclair"; Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 186 pp., $1.85), extends from 1826 to 1894. He sees romantic forces, stemming from France, assaulting the Quebec fortress of classicism. He speaks of offensives and counter-offensives. In this volume M. Marion seems to have reached a point where he can speak with candour. He enters the battle, curiously enough on the attacking side. Fifty men took part in the battle but only two, he believes, "had the courage to study the problem thoroughly." One of these, a Jesuit, Father Télesphore Lord, is described as "one of the most brilliant minds among Canadian writers at the

end of last century." M. Marion tilts with this giant, whose "iron hand is hidden in a velvet glove," finds the weak spot in his tactic—the insinuation that romanticism is literary Protestantism—and finally reduces his fortress to rubble. For the classicist Lord, Victor Hugo is a creator of images. "Imagination is given precedence over reason and the hierarchy of the faculties is reversed." M. Marion attacks with arms borrowed from the Jesuit father. "Let us cease, then," he argues, "to recite the litanies composed by Catholicism in honour of the Queen of Heaven: Mystic Rose, Tower of Ivory, Star of the Morning, and put away all these beautiful symbols fragrant with incense." With a last thrust, he exclaims: "Precise, clear ideas; primacy of the intelligence; hierarchy of the faculties! That language has its place in discourse, sermon, literary dissertation and philosophic thesis, but is inapplicable in pure poetry." In the historian Thomas Chapais, M. Marion finds an audacity, a power of analysis and synthesis, which incline him to regret that Chapais did not consecrate his whole life to literature. Chapais attacked the classical fortress on three grounds: it was not human enough, not national, not Christian. "Catholic French Canada," observes M. Marion in a moment of insight, "spoke through the mouth of Thomas Chapais at the very beginning of his career. The country of Cartier, Champlain, Dollard, the country of missionaries and martyrs cries forth its grief in the face of pagan ideas and sentiments which persist in the minds and hearts of the masters of French classicism." Casting a last glance over the nineteenth century, M. Marion notes a worship of old doctrines, attachment to the legacy of the past as a condition of survival, a dogmatic climate unfavourable to any sort of progress. Turning to the twentieth he sees a new generation of intellectuals who "always keep a window open on horizons yet unexplored. They no longer blindly believe in so-called literary dogmas."

V

M. Gustave Lanctot's historical science has developed into the art of purifying the source material of French-Canadian history. He has purged it so thoroughly that one is left wondering where to go for authentic documentation. After chasing the falsifiers, he is now chasing the false stories. One of these, an outrage against Canadian womanhood, is the story of the women who were brought here to populate the colony. It is a question of whether five million French-Catholic souls are descended from Maria Chapdelaines or Manon Lescauts. *Filles de joie ou filles du roi* is the title of his new book (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 230 pp., $2.25). M. Lanctot prefers "filles de la reine" to

"filles du roi" because Anne of Austria was a pious lady; but in publicizing the parallelism he may have defeated his patriotic intention and done something to prolong the life of the story. M. Lanctot contends that "in view of the multiplication of cradles" the girls who came to Canada were selected with every possible care. He divides his evidence into two classes: the evidence of people on the spot—that is, in Canada—and the gossip of tourists which found its way into French drawing-rooms and into popular poetry. La Hontan, of course, is the villain; wherever the story of the prostitutes crops up M. Lanctot traces it to that rascal of a falsifier. But French poets were singing farewell to prostitutes before La Hontan's time. Even the gentle La Fontaine sang farewell to "the daughters of Cythera" who were "going off to populate America." America was a vague term at the time and M. Lanctot is persuaded that such daughters were bound for the West Indies or Louisiana and not for Canada. "The islands" and Louisiana, it appears, made no distinction in the daughters they welcomed; but in Canada the Jesuits saw to it that those who entered this austere realm were worthy of the noble task that awaited them. Our admiration for the noble spirit that animates M. Lanctot cannot blind us to the delightful naïveté of a certain reverend gentleman he quotes in praise of the purity of Canadian women. The Recollet Father Le Clercq was in Canada; he heard the story from his brother religious and cried outrage.

> I know that from the French side they have often sent over suspicious-looking persons among a lot of honourable people; but in justice to the governors and missionaries of the country we must recognize that they have admitted nothing that was impure, licentious, or disorderly. The habitants have been examined and selected, contraband goods and persons stained by vice have been sent back to France as soon as they were recognized and if some of either sex have remained, some who, in France, might not have been entirely exempt from reproach, it has been observed that the trip over the ocean had purified them, that, by their penitence, they gloriously effaced the stains of their earlier conduct, their fall having served but to make them more discreet and cautious, so that they have become and are the examples and models of the colony.

The title of M. Guy Frégault's new book *Le Grand Marquis: Pierre de Rigaud de Vaudreuil et la Louisiane* (Montréal, Fides, 483 pp., $3.50) suggests grandeur. But to search for grandeur in a governor is not a very fruitful occupation. "What is a governor?" M. Frégault asks, and answers: "A piece of a complicated mechanism, colonial administration." The world of a colonial governor reeks of secret influences, personal loyalties, reciprocated services, subordinates hungering for great place, grandeur bestowed by a protector, the necessity of

rendering the homage of an unlimited submission. This "Grand Marquis" married an Acadian lady who spent most of her time in France, near the sources of courtly influence, promoting the interests of her husband, pushing her boys ahead. Well versed in those aspects of the noble art of governing, she was referred to as the "Governess." The heroic age, the age of discoverers, missionaries, and mystics had gone and glory was vanishing from the colonial world.

"Le Grand Marquis" could be the title of a romance; the opening lines create something of the atmosphere of "once upon a time." What could an historical novelist do with a governor? He could create an historical "figure," a "legendary figure" incarnating the spirit of his times. And this is what M. Frégault does; he pursues a legendary Vaudreuil, but he finds in him something more than an arch-intriguer. In Lousiana, Vaudreuil "left a legend and won a title: Le Grand Marquis." The legend is of the "victorious" Vaudreuil. After the Treaty of Utrecht there was a noticeable current of prosperity for which the governor might take credit. "Twelve years of peace and increasing prosperity. What more do we want to explain the fame of Vaudreuil, the legend of Vaudreuil?" "The Marquis managed to bring Canada through the sombre years of the war and the unstable years that followed." As governor of Louisiana, Vaudreuil succeeded Bienville, whose Indian policy he continued. The Indians were destitute. To relieve them a governor must supply them with merchandise in exchange for furs. But where could he obtain the goods? Governing was a matter of promising to give merchandise which one did not have, pitting one tribe of Indians against another, inciting a friendly race to kill English traders who did have the goods the Indians needed. It consisted, too, in permitting commandants to engage in fur-trading. By these arts a governor pacified his realm, won the respect of the natives and the idolatry of his officers. "We can understand why the Marquis became the idol of the officers."

What made these governors great men? The Canadian temper of their souls. At the time of Vaudreuil a distinction was being made between "Frenchman" and "Canadian." Canadians were considered coarse, unmannered, inferior. Having married an Acadian lady, Vaudreuil may have forged for himself a very strong link with Canada, but he was advised by his protector to treat his wife's people as habitants of the colony. Bienville was Canadian; but Nouailles, the commander-in-chief, was a Frenchman. "A Frenchman could not serve under the orders of a Canadian. Canadians, no matter what talent they possessed, were made to obey and the French to command. The Court had made Nouailles commander and charged Bienville with all

the responsibilities. The governor was aware of the fact: in case of success, the honour would go to Nouailles; in the event of a disaster, the colonial administrator would be held responsible." Bienville was a beaten man; yet, "broken by a defeat for which he was not responsible and crushed by undeserved misfortune, the man who is taking his departure remains a great figure." The man who took his place created a little Canada around his own person. "In Vaudreuil," writes M. Frégault, "is revealed a feeling of patriotism." The Grand Marquis was not a cultured man, not a courtier; in him we may notice vanity, ambition, injustice towards other men; but these things may be overlooked. What matters is "pride of race." Vaudreuil was an "aristocrat" and a "Canadian." "What matters is that Canadians of the eighteenth century recognized themselves in him and that he, in decisive moments, identified himself with them."

M. Marcel Trudel's *Le Régime militaire dans le gouvernement des Trois-Rivières, 1760-1764* (Collection "L'Histoire Régionale," no. 8; Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, xxxii, 236 pp., $2), is another study of a governor and the art of governing a colony. Vaudreuil capitulated and military men of another race and religion came on the scene. They found Canada divided into three "governments" and during the transition period the divisions were kept: Murray became governor in Quebec, Gage in Montreal and, in Three Rivers, Burton and then Haldimand. M. Trudel fixes his attention on Three Rivers and what he seeks is not grandeur but a balanced judgment, even if it means correcting the judgments of earlier historians. He runs back and forth over the "government," surveys the seigniories, makes the acquaintance of the seigniors, religious leaders, farmers, and bourgeois. Into this small world he brings a foreign overlord and he has to deal with a new kind of fact. Burton is an Englishman and a Protestant. Haldimand has an advantage: French is his native tongue; he is Swiss. The administration is necessarily military since it is a question of governing the territory during a period of eighteen months in which the residents must decide whether they will go to France or remain in Canada. It is a story of the headaches suffered by these military men in their efforts to govern a country whose status was not yet settled by treaty. Perhaps the worst one was due to the paper money France had used in the colony. France was induced to honour the money but, as it turned out, Canadians were paid only a fraction of its value and respect for the English rose as esteem for the mother country sank. When the eighteen months expired Haldimand wrote: "I know of no person in this 'government' who plans to go to France." At the end of each chapter M. Trudel weighs each administrative procedure against the

facts of the situation and finally, in his "conclusion," gives a balanced judgment of the whole régime. "On the whole the military occupation of the 'government' had nothing in it that was very oppressive for the Canadians. . . . The imposition of a garrison may, at first view, well appear oppressive. Let us remember, however, that Canadians were accustomed to garrisons as such; it was not the first time that they had had to lodge soldiers in their homes, but this time they were English and Protestant soldiers." The habitants were required to widen the King's highway, to keep roads and bridges in repair, "but the habitants had been accustomed to all that under the French régime." "In many cases one might say that it was a prolongation of the French régime." The historian F.-X. Garneau wrote: "This military régime was a violation of the capitulations which guaranteed to Canadians the rights of English subjects" and he spoke of "the most intolerable tyranny." M. Trudel is shocked.

> This judgment astounds us by its great severity. . . . Apart from a few isolated cases, like the expulsion of the Recollet Berey, we cannot see how the military régime of Three Rivers could be qualified as "the most intolerable tyranny." . . . A military régime, because of its name, has a bad reputation but, in a country which did not belong to it definitely, England could only install a provisional régime; the most elementary prudence obliged her to place it under the control of the army. It was thus a military régime, but not an arbitrary régime, and the authorities carefully observed all the articles of the two capitulations.

If M. Frégault's sympathetic dialectic wears an erudite mask, Canon Groulx's is unashamed, richer in resentment and intuitions born of resentment. In volumes III and IV of his *Histoire du Canada français* (Montréal, L'Action Nationale, 326, 273 pp., $2.75 le volume) he has to deal with a régime called British. From the first he sees this régime as directed toward autonomy and independence. To catch his temper we need but turn to his review of the first period of the new régime, the military régime to which M. Trudel devoted some two hundred pages. In eight or nine pages Canon Groulx defines "the character of the régime," "the attitude of the conqueror," and "the attitude of the conquered." He balks at the designation "military régime." It is improper, he says, to speak of it as a "military régime." Its true title is "provisional régime." Like M. Trudel, he appreciates the generous intentions of the new governors and dissociates himself from Garneau's denunciations. "Thirty years ago, in my *Lendemains de conquête*, I reacted against this denunciation. My feelings have not changed. Impossible to deny it, it is a moving homage that Canadians of the time paid to their first British administrators. . . . Who could

refuse to bow before the unanimous witness of the high classes of the population: clergy, bourgeois and seigniors?" But, he goes on to ask, "Must we therefore cry miracle and be transported with admiration of the attitude of the conqueror?" Categorically he replies, "I do not think so." "Let us reform the judgment of Garneau. . . . Let us simply remake the atmosphere" around these men.

Canon Groulx proceeds to conjure up "moral atmospheres." The new governors governed in an atmosphere of "moral isolation." As soon as the capitulation was signed, ships and men were hurriedly transferred to other theatres of war, so that only a handful of troops were left to guard the conquered territory. "We are forced to conclude: if he had planned to do so, the conqueror would have lacked the means to pursue a policy of vexation." With his "if" M. Groulx does something he declared was impossible; he refuses to bow to the unanimous witness of the population. "The British flag might float in the wind from Quebec to the Carolines and even as far as the Gulf of Mexico. Even in this North America, most of which had become English, how little did these men from the mother country feel at home." North America was poisoned with "colonial resentment." The English colonial system differed from the French. Like the ancient Greeks, the French regarded the colony as an integral part of the mother country; like the Romans, the English sought first a market and a country that produced raw materials for its industries. She valued a colony not by its capacity for absorbing immigrants but by its commercial potentialities. England jealously kept her people from emigrating and, according to Canon Groulx, she did what she could to persuade French Canadians to stay at home. The unanimous resolve of the people to remain in Canada thus assumes a different complexion in Canon Groulx's "moral" atmosphere. "For a while, in the last years of the war," he says, "a project floated in the air, the project of an evacuation, evacuation of the army, transmigration even of the whole population." Why did they not go? Why did the whole population choose to remain? Canon Groulx answers: England "feared any diminution of the colonial population" and to this effect he interprets the words of Murray: "The emigration of this honest and courageous people . . . would be an irreparable loss to the Empire." After asserting that "the strongest reasons," not humanity, "probably protected the conqueror against the insanity of a policy of provocation," he "recomposes" the atmosphere around the conquered people. They were exhausted by long and cruel wars, ready to believe that life would be an idyll. The English would leave them free to practise their religion, furnish them with cheap merchandise, and pay them handsomely for

every little job. In the glow of this mirage men of every class courted the invader seeking to sell him something and so procure a certain affluence. Life for them was anything but vexation of spirit. Canon Groulx cannot accept the fact of conquest. "A people whose civilization is French, were it but the débris of a grand and shattered dream, is a particular and unique presence in North America." At one moment he is sorrowful, resentful, uncertain, resigned; and radiant the next. French Canada is like a boat adrift. The economic battle is lost. "The American way of life" has conquered. Perhaps French Canada was more glorious when she was fighting for her independence. Since Confederation her artists and writers have produced few if any masterpieces; her intellectuals are inclined to be betrayers. One thing, however, warms his heart. Since 1876 there has been "a veritable explosion of religious vitality." "Expansion" is the dominant fact in the history of the Church in the last hundred years. With Quebec as its focus and centre of gravity French Canada extends its branches from one coast to the other. The term "our brothers of the dispersion" or "diaspora" has for many years now been used by L'Action Française in referring to this phenomenon. Canon Groulx believes that wherever the French Canadian goes he carries something weightier than mere material baggage; he takes with him his "cultural inheritance: his faith, his language, a whole moral and psychological complex, a spark of sacred fire, a relic of his first homeland."

In a wistful mood as he closes his work Canon Groulx writes: "After reading a little book like M. Robert de Roquebrune's *Testament de mon enfance* we are obliged to admit that in French Canada a form of civilization, a human flower has died and will not be born again." This Canadian author, domiciled in Paris, is a writer of historical fiction. *Les Habits rouges* was a novel based on the 1837 rebellion. The same tragedy provided him with themes for short stories; it is like a ghostly presence in *Testament de mon enfance* (Montréal, Palatine, 1951, viii, 247 pp., $1.65). M. Roquebrune spent his childhood in a manor house near L'Assomption. There lived his father, mother, four boys, two girls, a corpulent cook, Sophronie, and a negro, Sambo, who had found his way there from Virginia via Boston. In the evening, in the lamplight, the father would unfold yellowed sheets of genealogies and speak of Colonel de Salaberry who conquered the Americans at Châteauguay, of the patriots of 1837 whose only crime was their dream of a French republic on the shores of the St. Lawrence of which Papineau might be president. "Certainly they did not deserve death." The author's account of his brother Henri is a description of his own awakening to a sense of the drama of Canadian history. In

the attic where he found everything to hand Henri dressed himself to play the part of heroes he read of in his books: Sinbad or Aladdin, then a fur-trader, a "bourgeois," or a "guide" of the North-West Company; then, suddenly, he turned himself into a missionary or a martyr. Wearing a dressing-gown caught at the waist with an arrow sash, a cowl and sandals, he followed in the steps of his favourite saint, St. Francis, and gave all he possessed to the poor. M. Roquebrune recalls hunting parties on the islands; the chore of cutting blocks of ice on the river for summer refrigeration; a visit of Mgr Taché, the famous missionary from the North-West Territories, upon whose knees he fell asleep; a fruitless visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. He has a good word for bone-setters, healers, and sorcerers who, like everybody else in the province, descended from the armies of Louis XIV or XV. Although his father never read a book, there were in the Manor beautifully bound eighteenth-century classics left by his grandfather. One day the priest cast an eye on them and stepped back frightened; he saw demons of free thought and a critical spirit. "Their power was strange, infernal. Fire alone had the power to deliver us from their horrible fascination. My father was compelled to burn Voltaire and Diderot." It was a shut-in, self-sufficient life in the Manor. "I have never seen any people with such little desire to meet others. They enjoyed absolute liberty and above all did not want anyone to disturb them." Existence was a cycle of birth, marriage, death. The doctor brought new life into the world; the priest administered the sacraments; the notary passed on the estate from father to son. At a wedding there was a great feast and another at a funeral; the only difference was in the colour of the dresses worn. As the family fortunes dwindled the household moved into Montreal. Some time later fire reduced the Manor to ashes.

In this kind of writing the *manoir* is an historical symbol, the symbol of a golden age that has gone. It is M. Roquebrune's belief that every civilization reaches a summit and stays there for a while until a revolution in manners and customs reduces it to dust. In Canada that point was reached in the eighteen-nineties. Two centuries of civilized life of the rarest quality came to a peak; only vestiges remain, museum pieces, and the masses of the people are unaware of a delightful civilization created by their forefathers and which was still a living thing but fifty years ago. "A human flower has died and it will not be born again." One senses that Canon Groulx, the historian of the race, would fain write with M. Roquebrune's pen, for he knows the power of the poetry of history.

After a pause of some years M. Robert Rumilly has published three

more volumes of his *Histoire de la province de Québec*, XXIV, XXV, and XXVI, bearing the titles *Succession de Laurier, Alexandre Taschereau, Rayonnement de Québec* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 246, 255, 287 pp., $2 le volume). Some French-Canadian intellectuals have pronounced severe judgments on this historian who, by birth, is a Frenchman. Whatever its shortcomings may be, we can use his history for quick reference and find the main drift of institutions in power today.

As an historian, Sister Paul-Emile has the distinction of bringing the scholarly or "erudite" method into the study of local history. She supplements archives, general works, guides, periodicals, with information gathered on her travels or solicited from others. With all this apparatus she adjusts, so to speak, the impressions of certain authorities and induces a feeling of historical exactitude. *Amiskwaski* (*La Baie James: trois cent ans d'histoire militaire, économique, missionnaire,* Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 315 pp., $3.50) is a history, perhaps the first history, of James Bay. After describing the adventure of Radisson and Groseilliers and the Jesuit Fathers Druillettes and Dablon, the expedition of Chevalier de Troyes, the glorious exploits of Iberville who was spared "the grief of seeing his brilliant conquests in Hudson Bay reduced to nothing by the Treaty of Utrecht," she comes to a gap of a century and a half during which the Crees and the Ojibways lived under the influence of fur-traders and Protestant ministers. Sister Paul-Emile is a nun as well as an historian and all this is a prelude to the missionary epic of the Oblate Fathers. The Crees are a nomadic people. As far back as 1892, Father Fafard established a permanent mission at Albany. The Grey Nuns of the Cross, a teaching and nursing order, arrived at James Bay in 1902. The desire to celebrate a half-century of arduous labour on the part of these nuns to save Indian souls in "the land of the beaver" inspired Sister Paul-Emile to write this work.

One kind of historical writing just beginning to appear seems destined to figure importantly in the future: the history of the armed services. One evening more than thirty years ago in a regimental mess in Montreal, Colonel Joseph Chaballe listened to an aged historian, Benjamin Sulte, speak with vibrant emotion of men whose noble deeds live for ever in Canadian history. "Honour and thanks to all these scholars," says Colonel Chaballe. We too, he reflected, must leave to the great-grand-children of the soldiers of the 22nd Regiment a record of the brave deeds of their ancestors and write it down while some of the heroes are still in this world and the facts still clear in our minds. This first volume, *Histoire du 22e Bataillon canadien-français*,

1914-1919 (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 415 pp., $3.25), is notable for a description of the battle of Courcelette, a most brilliant operation and one of the first victories of the war. A second volume will probably continue through to Korea and the coronation of Her Majesty Elizabeth II.

In passing we may mention that M. Frégault, M. Trudel, and another young historian, M. Michel Brunet, have combined to publish a very useful text-book for college students, *Histoire du Canada par les textes* (Montréal, Fides, 297 pp., $3.50). A collection of short passages, 104 in all, taken from documents bearing on Canadian history from Cartier to Premier Duplessis, it might be called half-hours or rather quarter-hours with the sources of Canadian history.

Another publication in the order of documents is *Papiers Contrecœur et autres documents concernant le conflit sur l'Ohio de 1745 à 1756* (éd. Fernand Grenier; Québec, Les Presses Universitaires Laval, xxxiv, 485 pp., $10), a large volume containing letters written to Contrecœur, commandant at Niagara and Fort Duquesne in the last years of the French régime. In the Seminary of Quebec there are about a hundred boxes full of documents, manuscripts for the most part, known as the Viger-Verreau collection, documents touching on almost all the important questions of Canadian history. These Contrecœur papers are part of the Viger-Verreau collection.

Mention may be made also of M. Antoine Roy's *Inventaire des greffes des notaires du régime français* (Québec, Archives de la Province de Québec, 262 pp.). It is the sixteenth in a series of such inventories and lists the records of three eighteenth-century notaries: René Gaschet, Guillet de Chaumont, and Chorel de Saint-Romain.

VI

Father René Latourelle's *Etude sur les écrits de Saint Jean de Brébeuf* (vol. I; Montréal, Edns de l'Immaculée-Conception, xx, 216 pp., $3) offers us the interest of a new approach to a religious personality. The author and the writer of the preface, M. Frégault, both claim that it is not a biography. In the mind of M. Frégault historical competence and erudition are almost identical. He writes of Father Latourelle's study: "The author could have written a biography of St. Jean de Brébeuf. . . . He preferred to look for unpublished texts—he found five—and edit little-known texts. . . . to establish a text, to discuss and situate it, that demands something more than industry." After declaring that his desire is "not to write another life of Brébeuf," the author says: "We pursue a quite different aim although a complementary one. The things we consider before everything else in

Brébeuf are his writings, his work, if you will, and consequently the writer's witness rather than the course of his life. Brébeuf's message, as revealed in his writings, that is the object of our study." The complete works of Brébeuf, in French, Latin, and Huron, comprise catechisms, a dictionary, a grammar, two *Relations*, a spiritual diary, and a Christmas carol. Father Latourelle's method of presenting a text is to write a brief introduction, give the manuscript, translate it if necessary, and then close the exercise with a commentary. To appreciate the "witness" or "message" of Brébeuf he considers the texts under the three categories of history, ethnology, and mysticism. Having done this he believes he reaches "a better knowledge of his personality." Historical method is employed to the end of appreciating and communing with the inner life of a great soul and that perhaps might be called pure biography. In this first volume Father Latourelle appreciates Brébeuf's witness under the first two categories. In the second he will assemble the spiritual writings. There we hope to find the "real or inner life," as Newman called it, of the grandest of Canadian saints.

Mother Madeleine-Louise de Sion took the occasion of the beatification of Marguerite Bourgeoys (1950) to write a short biography, *L'Héroïque Aventure* (Paris, Beauchesne, 134 pp., $1.50), of this seventeenth-century religious who, she believes, is not well known.

> We were not made to rest content with our human and natural possibilities; we need a higher aim that exalts us. Who knows that better than the saint? The saint does not take himself for the end of his aspiration. He hears a call coming to him, not from himself nor from the world outside. If he answers it, between his soul and God is established a mysterious contact which leads him to the heart of the mystery; painful, sacrificial, but above all a mystery of love. Those who have comprehended it have caught sight of the secret of the world. . . . That was Blessed Marguerite Bourgeoys' whole experience.

Must we go to the Middle Ages or the *grand siècle* for exemplars of mystic love, devotion, and charity? The writings of Father Eugène Nadeau, which reveal the presence of saints in our midst, might soothe the troubled souls of men like Robert Elie. Father Nadeau sees the saint of today standing between two great powers: money and God. A few years ago, under the biblical title of *Un Homme sortit pour semer*, he wrote an account of the "epic career of the pioneer of Temiscaming," the Oblate Father Joseph Moffet, 1852-1939. He is the priest who, as certain novelists represent him, stands with open arms to welcome colonists from the south. A legendary figure, the pioneer, superman of the iron age, Father Nadeau calls him. In the age of the lumber barons he stands on the side of God. Now again, under the sign

of gold, *Un Louis d'or* (Montréal, Edns Oblates, 199 pp., $1.25), Father Nadeau presents a contemporary saint, this time a layman, Louis Emond, a "knight of God" who spent himself in his self-appointed task of bringing working men nearer to Christ.

Under the title of *Le Roi du golfe* (Québec, Edns du Quartier Latin, 183 pp., $1.50) M. Damase Potvin paints a picture of Dr. P.-E. Fortin, 1823-1888. He sees the figure of a giant standing on the horizon of the Gulf of which, as commander of the schooner *Canadienne* and inspector of Quebec fisheries, he was the king. Fortin was a doctor—he nearly lost his life attending victims of typhus—a courageous sailor, an historian, geographer, biologist, member of parliament, and senator. In Fortin's days the barter system was in vogue. The companies paid in goods for the fish they got from the fishermen. The *bourgeois* or factor was a veritable dictator. The fisherman had to "take it or leave it" and his starving family, in the cottage on the coast, often waited in tears for flour and other necessities. It was a time too when Newfoundland and American schooners fished without licence and in defiance of all regulations and treaties. In 1852 the federal government organized the Service for the Protection of the Fisheries, and Fortin was named to head the organization. For sixteen years, along the shores of the river, among the islands, on the Newfoundland banks, he sailed his schooner, last of our sailing ships, purging Canadian waters of pirates and smugglers, protecting thousands of exploited and terrorized fishermen.

It is difficult to know just where to place a collection of interviews. There is a biographical element in Mme Geneviève de la Tour Fondue's reports of her conversations with celebrated Canadians of our time. And there is something more. She is bold enough to call her *Interviews canadiennes* (Montréal, Edns Chantecler, 263 pp., $1.95) an "essay on Canadian civilization" and not without some reason. She chooses to interview different, contradictory types of men, men who raise a live problem, extend a perspective, or, with an original stroke, bring the whole into relief; "fraternal souls" who, she says, "give me the measure of things and of other persons who, with them, share the responsibility of a civilization." It is a popular belief that French Canadians, by virtue of their Latin culture, move freely in the domain of ideas and that practical, materialistic Anglo-Canadians are naturally interested in the sciences. "That idea," replies the man of science, M. Léon Lortie, "was born about the middle of the nineteenth century. . . . On the economic plane the future and even the present belong to those who are scientifically prepared to exploit the abundant resources of Canada and especially Quebec. . . . For my

part, I am of opinion that nothing prevents the French Canadian from turning his mind to the sciences." Concerning the arts she asked: "Where are the younger generation going and what are their preoccupations?" "More and more they are going towards an international art"—it is the artist Pellan speaking—"participating in problems which are not exclusively local. They are not 'denationalized' on that account." M. Pellan was very happy about a visit to Toronto. "There are elements up there who think in a really international way about painting and artists with wide open minds. And that cannot fail to leave the door open to fruitful exchanges across Canada." Can we speak of the "presence" of Canadian literature in the world? Ringuet the novelist answers: "Our literature still has feeble importance and little value. It is just beginning. We are but John the Baptists of a Messiah who will come tomorrow or the next day." And Jean Bruchési the historian: "The fact that certain novels and historical studies have been translated into English is a proof of that presence. . . . A history of French literature that did not make a place for French-Canadian letters would not be complete." M. Jean Désy, Canadian ambassador and late head of the C.B.C.'s International Service, notes that "In western Europe where the idea of a federation of states is taking shape the Canadian formula is in vogue because it provides a concrete example of the possible co-existence of different ethnic groups, religious confessions, and juridical systems within the same administrative and political framework." "Our bifocal culture," says Mr. Wilfrid Bovey, "is a national value of the greatest importance. I would go further: I believe that by virtue of our internal differences we are . . . better prepared for international negotiations. We have only to think of Mr. Pearson and M. Saint-Laurent." Lastly, two notes on the industrial revolution. "As long as we lived in an authoritative rural civilization"—it is the opinion of a trade-union leader, M. Gérard Pelletier, editor of the weekly organ *Le Travail*—"no questions were raised. What ushered in the change was the industrial revolution. It preceded all the reactions we witness today. The industrial proletariat had existed half a century when Gabrielle Roy published *Bonheur d'occasion*, Roger Lemelin *Au pied de la pente douce*, and the bishops their charge on the situation of the workers." "I believe," says M. Horace Boivin, an industrialist of Granby, the man who has done much to transform a small place into a luminous, joyful city, "I believe that we must not speak any more of the rivalry between languages and races in this field, municipal life. From now on we must consider Canada as a great country held together by its common interest in social welfare."

VII

The industrial revolution is giving point to warnings uttered long ago and creating new thought in French Canada. M. Beaudry Leman, president for many years of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, was a civil engineer before he became a banker; he is doubly competent to speak of financial matters and the exploitation of our natural resources. Fifteen of his discourses are printed in *Hier et demain* (Montréal, Banque Canadienne Nationale, 243 pp., $1.50). In one of them, delivered a quarter of a century ago, M. Leman painted a clear picture of the economic situation. He asked: "Is Canada in America?" He answered: "Yes." "Must we adapt ourselves to the American environment?" "Yes, in the economic field." He went on: "I cannot conceive how our Latin culture and our humanism can be seriously threatened by the fact that we have fewer shapes of bottles at our disposal and fewer kinds of automobile wheels." In view of tomorrow his words have a prophetic ring. "This country, like the United States, is populated by men of diverse origins. This population cannot, in Canada, constitute a racial civilization as in the old countries of Europe; it will probably merge into an economic society like that of the United States." M. Leman warned his nationalist compatriots: "If we continue to dissipate our efforts, seeking our satisfaction in the multiplication of little businesses, owned and run by a single person, instead of organizing strong collective enterprises, it will not be long before our language, our traditions, and our laws will disappear from business, finance, and industry, in a word, from a vital part of our civilization, from our economic life." M. Leman issues a new call. "Our soil cries out to us with all its force that it is American soil." Not good arable soil only, but immense forests, powerful waterfalls, mines and rivers. He stresses the need of expanding the teaching of economics in the colleges and, particularly, the need of moral direction to lead young people towards co-operation and collective effort.

In *Pays de cocagne ou terre de Caïn?* (Québec, Les Presses Universitaires Laval, 254 pp., $2.50) M. Thomas Maher expresses the panic of the nationalist conscience in view of the prospect of merging into an alien society. The future of the race is in jeopardy. He too realizes that the soil is more than arable land. Indeed he goes further and criticizes certain phases of nationalist effort. Quebec, he contends, is a territory largely unfit for agriculture. To base the economy of the province on agriculture, to colonize, on the pretext that French Canadians are by nature and tradition an agricultural people without business acumen and without capital, is to misdirect national effort and

to keep the people in a condition of subservience to foreign interests, to deprive them of their heritage. This is a land of plenty, not the land of Cain that Jacques Cartier thought it was. It overflows with forest and mineral wealth. To make this wealth available to his countrymen, M. Maher would abandon economic liberalism and replace it with a system based on "patriotism." He calls for more forestry experts, sawmill operators, fire-rangers, more schools like the Duchesnay Forestry School, and he would attract more men to the profession by shortening the classical course and extending the science courses in the universities. Even military service is of value as a training in honour and discipline.

We find other reactions to these problems of exploitation in M. Gérard Gardner's *Considérations sur la valeur économique du grand-nord canadien* (Etude no. 5; Montréal, Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales, 115 pp., 75c.). Viewing the whole country, M. Gardner gives us a practical and scientific estimate of our natural resources, particularly of the iron deposits of Ungava and Labrador and the colossal enterprises of the companies interested in mining the ore, most of which goes to the United States to supply defence projects. Climatic conditions are such that development is very limited and M. Gardner feels that the only advantage of the north is perhaps its strategic value. Isolation, especially in Ungava, is the great problem. The winter lasts eight months and it rains a great deal during the remainder of the year. Neither men nor animals can protect themselves against mosquitoes which attack with unmitigated ferocity. Yet, he says, "those distant and inhospitable lands have a charm and a peace not found in the populated areas of the old provinces."

The subject discussed at the twenty-ninth session of the Semaines Sociales was "Social Security" (Montréal, Institut Social Populaire, 234 pp., $2). Dominican Father Louis Lachance gave a lecture on "La personne humaine, ses grandeurs et ses limitations" and, as we should expect, the philosopher of *L'Etre et ses propriétés* placed the matter very neatly in its metaphysical perspective. "The sovereign grandeur of the human person is no doubt its power, thanks to its intelligence, to situate itself with regard to itself, to the world, and to God; but also to feel itself moved by the love of and desire for perfection." M. Jean Désy spoke of "a weakening of the notion of liberty which was, until recently, the principal spring of our society," based on free enterprise and private initiative. He wondered if this lassitude is not a sign that humanity is growing old. "Man," he contended, "self-centred, turning his back on sacrifice to attain temporal well-

being, content to trust the care of his security to an impersonal power, becomes the executioner of his conscience and dignity."

New thought is to be found in a comparatively virgin field: the science of human relations, the extent and fascination of which dawn upon us as we read the studies published by the Centre de Recherches en Relations Humaines, now associated with the Institut de Psychologie of the University of Montreal. One brilliant piece of work in this first volume of *Contributions à l'étude des sciences de l'homme* (Montréal, Centre de Recherches en Relations Humaines, Librairie Dominicaine, 170 pp., $4) is a forty-five page bibliographical essay on bi-cultural relations, "Les relations biculturelles au Canada," by Mme Monique Lortie. All the myths, prejudices, and half-truths that have possessed the minds and inflamed the passions of Canadians are here brought together in a spectacular *ensemble*. "It is more than time," Mme Lortie concludes, "that we brought to light these Canadian myths. French- and English-speaking Canadians alike live in almost complete ignorance of their own collective life and the collective psychology of their respective neighbours. They do not know each other well; furthermore, they judge their neighbours by themselves. The majority of our people nourish their vision of Canadian life, the impressions and sentiments they have adopted towards their compatriots, with stereotyped ideas and myths they have inherited from days long past." In a short introduction to the volume Dominican Father Noël Mailloux puts his finger on the "particular situation" when he speaks of "a lucid love of liberty." Liberty here has a Canadian significance of greater depth than free enterprise and private initiative.

> In Canada two young and vigorous peoples had to begin by facing each other in the expression of a liberty to which both had aspired with the avidity and energy of pioneers who undertake to construct a new world. For a long time they looked at each other with a certain astonishment tinged with irony and even pity. . . . But the *élite* in both ethnic groups long ago passed the stage where relations were dominated by the double myth of backward Frenchman and materialist Englishman. In these clearly diversified expressions of liberty which characterize two types of personality whose organization shows itself to be equally powerful, we are slowly discovering the elements of a dynamic synthesis capable of giving birth to a great nation.

VIII

Among the travel books there is an account of a stay in Haïti, *Haïti, la perle noire* (Montréal, Fides, 1951, 187 pp., $2), by M. Jean-Charles Magnan whose interest is mainly agricultural. He sees whole

areas of mountains, hills, and ravines becoming arid as a consequence of the destruction of forests, but he is charmed with the voice of the Creole, soft, caressing, unruffled by the northerner's "r," saying: "Je mange des haïcots houges, et d'la bonne mohue, mon chè." Publishers seem to be making capital out of M. Jacques Hébert's mania for going places. After touring South America and Africa, he has now completed a trip around the world in a jeep in 365 days. The three illustrated volumes of *Aventure autour du monde: L'Extrême-Orient en feu, L'Inde aux mystères, L'Asie musulmane* (Montréal, Fides, 229, 227, 247 pp., $1.75 l'exemplaire, $5 la série), may titillate the popular imagination but there is little in them to interest an adult intelligence, in Father Ernest Gagnon's conception of the term. Volumes III and IV of M. Louis-Philippe Audet's *Le Système scolaire de la province de Québec* (Québec, Les Presses Universitaires Laval, xxvi, 323, xxvi, 416 pp., $3.50, $4) deal with the rise and fall of the Institution Royale. "Even if it rendered but few services to the French-Canadian population," M. Audet concludes, "it was not a failure. . . . When all is reckoned up it marked a decisive stage in the conquest of our educational liberties and thus opened an era of justice and liberty for all." The abbé Joseph Houyoux, the French priest who recently visited Quebec schools where girls are trained in home economics, has published two more volumes in which he treats pedagogical and doctrinal problems arising in these "schools of happiness": *Le Vrai Visage des écoles de bonheur* (Collection "L'Histoire Régionale," no. 12; Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, 173 pp., $1.50) and *Pour ou contre les écoles de bonheur?* (Collection "L'Histoire Régionale," no. 9; Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, 150 pp., $1.50). *Traductions* (éd. J. P. Vinay; Université de Montréal, Institut de Traduction, 179 pp., $2.50), a collection of studies by various scholars on the art of translating, contains an eighteen-page glossary which will prove very useful to people who need French equivalents of English technical and commercial terms. Father R.-H. Shevenell of Ottawa University has brought out a bilingual handbook for the guidance of graduate students in the preparation of theses. *Recherches et thèses* (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, x, 123 pp., $3) deals with such matters as "The preparation of a thesis," "The manuscript," "Sources," "Illustrations," "Organization of the thesis," "Evaluating the thesis"; it contains a bibliography and specimen pages. Many complete specimens figure among the publications of Ottawa University, the latest being Father Germain Lesage's *L'Accession des Congrégations à l'Etat religieux canonique* (244 pp., $3.50), a thesis in canon law.

VII. PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES Watson Kirkconnell

Primacy in original poetry this year goes to the Icelandic community and David Björnsson's *Rose-trees*. About half of the volume is taken up with occasional poems, among which should be noted his tribute (pp. 55–9) to Guttormur J. Guttormsson on the latter's seventieth birthday, his poem on "Iceland" (pp. 14–16) for the annual celebration at Gimli in 1946, and his obituary on the canary named "Tiny" (pp. 38–9). There are highly traditional poems on spring and on a summer evening, such as are found in most Icelandic volumes. More striking are his "Tree of Wisdom," the dainty sequence entitled "Rose-trees" (a tribute to his wife Rosa), the lines on "The Blue Star" (Vega), and the book-lover's lyrics, "The Bookshop" and "Books." Mr. Björnsson uses a wide range of Icelandic metres, including a ring-rhyme on "Night."

Poetry also takes its place in the *Annual* of the Icelandic National League, edited by Gísli Jónsson, with Einar P. Jónsson's fine tribute to the new President of Iceland and a series of five poems by Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson.

Fine scholarship blends with the creative prosody of another Icelandic-Canadian, Professor Skuli Johnson, of the University of Manitoba, for whom his university has just sponsored a slim volume in which his translations of thirty-two of Horace's *Odes* are printed facing the original Latin. Anyone who has tried to reproduce the rare fabric of these Roman poems in English realizes the almost insuperable obstacles of the task. The only case where one really feels a comparable quality of style in both languages is where Rudyard Kipling and C. L. Graves collaborated, a generation ago, in *Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Liber Quintus*, and there, alas, the magistral English version of the great jest preceded and excelled the Latin. Mr. Johnson's first care as a scholar is meticulous accuracy in equivalence, and this has been triumphantly achieved. He has wisely avoided any use of the original metres and has rather used familiar English metres of similar quality. Thus the Alcaics to Lollius (IV, 9) are aptly rendered by Dryden's "heroic stanzas" while the alternating hexameters and tetrameters in memory of Archytas (I, 28) are turned into trochaic octameter catalectic. Less happy, perhaps, is the use of the *Rubaiyat* type of stanza to replace the Alcaics to Postumus (II, 14), for half the effect in Fitzgerald's Omar is due to the closed lines and the continual enjambement made necessary by the sense in the original Latin ode negates the genius of this particular quatrain. Mr. Johnson's happiest combination of accuracy and readability comes in his use of rhymed tetrameter couplets, as in the closing lines of the Soracte ode (I, 9):

Now in the inmost nook the maid
By her sweet laughter be betrayed,
And snatched the token from her wrist
Or finger feigning to resist.

Professor Johnson has also published a scholarly paper on *The Obituary Epigrams of Martial*, arguing that while many of the poet's pieces are conventional examples of a long Graeco-Roman tradition, he sometimes achieves genuine feeling and choice form.

Translated verse occupies a notable place in two volumes from the Jewish community. In one of these, *Three Poetesses from Modern Japan*, Israel Bronstein turns into Yiddish some ninety-three delicate little Tanka poems by Akiko Yanigawara ("White Lotus"), Akiko Yosano, and Takeko Kujo. These are exotic flowers to blossom on Montreal Island, but it speaks well for the cosmopolitan quality of the community. More in the main stream of the Jewish tradition is the volume, *Poems of Yehoash*, in which Dr. Isidore Goldstick, of London, Ontario, has selected and rendered into first-class English a representative array of poems by "Yehoash" Solomon Bloomgarden (1870-1927). Yehoash is one of the chief intellectual and literary figures of modern times. His masterpiece is his Yiddish version of the Old Testament, but his poetry is wide in range and authentic in utterance. He was born in Russian Poland, came to America at the age of twenty, and divided the rest of his life between New York and Colorado. A mystic pantheism dominates his poetry. All things in the universe are basically emanations of an absolute reality, God. The highest dream of Yehoash is an ultimate blending of his personality with that primal Reality from which he has sprung:

And when a sunbeam on a pane will play,
Or pigeons to their cotes will wing their way,
Or children will be dancing in a ring,
Or tears of sympathy be glistening
Upon a lash—then will I say: "It's He."
And all that's black and burdensome in me
Shall be submerged in Thee, in Thee alone,
As when a crystal stream gulps up a stone.

This is an excellent volume and its issue by the Canadian Yehoash Committee is a major event in the Jewish community.

The year 1952 has seen the first two volumes of a monumental four-volume edition of the poetic works of Taras Shevchenko, the Ukraine's chief poet. This is a joint enterprise of the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences and of the Trident Press Limited, designed to mark the sixtieth anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Canada and the ninetieth anniversary of Shevchenko's death. The editor is Dr. Leonid

Bilets'kyj, one of the Ukraine's chief scholars and a distinguished academic figure in Canada. Volume I presents the poetry of Shevchenko's first period, up to about 1842, while he lived and studied in St. Petersburg. Volume II expounds his political, historical, social, and personal works (1843-6), with special stress on the tyranny and brutality shown by Russia towards his native Ukraine. Critical, textual, and biographical notes are given with the fullest generosity and reveal the poet as the spiritual leader of the Ukrainian people against the ancient, and today still implacable, despotism of the tsars, whether White or Red. No serious student of Shevchenko can disregard this great edition.

Drama is very sparingly represented in the 1952 output. The one full-length play is *God Greet You!*, by Abram Johann Friesen. In this German drama there are two interwoven love stories: that of the sophomore daughter Gustel Reimer, who is being wooed by the young farmer Peter, and that of her eldest brother, the journalist Heinrich, who has fallen hopelessly in love with the bluestocking Ph.D., Agnes. In the rather simple background story of Gustel and Peter, she sends him away, but realizes that she loves him and on his return consents to marry him. Heinrich's experience is more tragic. His brother Otto tries to prove that Agnes has only been mocking his courtship. Agnes happens to come to the Reimer home and confirms her hardness and perfidy. Heinrich, who has a weak heart, falls dead of the shock. All of the action of the play takes place in Frau Reimer's living-room and the conversation of Otto's six-year-old daughter Marlies is skilfully used to interweave the two themes. One may perhaps attribute to Mennonite folk philosophy the implied moral that highly educated women are a bad lot and that wise girls will marry young farmers.

Of much slighter build but with a fine vein of humour are three or four dramatic sketches or "intermezzi" in Arnold Dyck's Plattdeutsch volume, *Our Folk*. One such sketch gives the conversation by moonlight of a sentimental maid and her matter-of-fact swain. Another shows the interminable effort of two gossiping women to say good-bye.

One cultural feature of the community life of the Ukrainians in Canada has been the systematic reprinting, usually by the Trident Press in Winnipeg, of standard novels by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Ukrainian writers. Thus this year saw the appearance of *The Clouds* (originally published in 1874) by Ivan Nechui-Levytskyj, with a full-length critical introduction by Dr. Leonid Bilets'kyj. This is a book from the author's best and strongest first period and has marked political overtones: "Heavy black clouds cover the Ukraine . . . and what will drive away these mournful clouds?" He is particularly con-

cerned over the Russification of the Ukrainian intellectuals. Of the same provenance is a little volume printing three stories by Nicholas Gogol (Hohol), in honour of the centenary of his death. This edition has a scholarly introduction by Dr. Jaroslav Rudnyc'kyj, analysing the qualities of Hohol and the influences that shaped him. *Maksym Zaliznyak*, by Wasyl Radych (1864-1904), is an historical novel dealing with a Ukrainian leader in the eighteenth-century struggles against the Poles. It is written in a style of heroic tragedy. Likewise a novel of the times of the Cossacks is *The Adventures of a Young Knight* by Spiridon Cherkasenko (born at Bohodukhov, in the Chersonese, in 1876, and died in Prague in 1940). Although Cherkasenko is an impressionist in his lyric poetry and in his drama, he tells a good story. This volume was first printed in Lwow in 1937. More old-fashioned but charming in the Kailyard tradition is *She dug herbs on Sunday morning* by the Bukovina novelist, Olha Kobylyanska (1865-1942), a tragedy of love with its setting in the wild beauty of the Carpathians. Utterly different in style and setting is *A Peasant Sanatorium*, finished in the summer of 1948 by another authoress, Olena Zvychaina, who recently moved from Germany to New York. The style is impressionistic and given to incantatory repetitions and noisy ejaculations, with its theme a tragic one in a Soviet tubercular sanatorium under the shadow of the political police. A reprint of a familiar American story is Myron Levytskyj's Ukrainian translation of Rex Beach's novel, *The Iron Trail*. The only Ukrainian narrative that really originates in Canada is *My Village* by Dmytro Kolisnyk, of Saskatoon. It turns out to be a nostalgic story of the village of Germakivka, in the Western Ukraine, where he was born in 1883. He was twenty-eight when he migrated to Canada and the homesick affection of those days still burns strong in his heart.

Only one Icelandic volume of fiction was published in 1952, namely, *John Strympa and Other Stories*, written from thirty to forty years ago by Gunnsteinn Eyjolfsson and now issued in book form at the expense of his daughter Vilborg. A penetrating and appreciative introduction by Gísli Jónsson evaluates the ten or so tales in the collection. There is a fine range in the stories. If you seek humour, turn to "The Tithe" and the notable statement of Farmer Jón Jónsson's debt to God in Heaven, an account placed for collection in the hands of Lucifer, Beelzebub & Co. If you wish noble seriousness, turn to "Death." If you desire pathos, turn to the story of "Elenora" in Winnipeg.

The Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences continues to issue its valuable series of research papers in pamphlet format. Volume no. 3

in the "Onomastica" series is a study by Dr. J. B. Rudnyc'kyj of the University of Manitoba on *The Names "Galicia" and "Volynia."* His thesis is that "Halych," the prototype of the Polish Latinized form "Galicia," is a heraldic collective noun derived from *halycya*, "jackdaw." Discarding several other toponymists' theories regarding the origin and etymology of "Volyn" (Volhynia), he refers the word to the Proto-Slavic *vol/vel* meaning "will" and explains that the original castle so named, on the Bug River, was the headquarters where the tribal chiefs expressed their will or authority. His theories are supported with a great wealth of linguistic argument. Volume no. 4 in the "Onomastica" series is B. Barvins'kyj's *The Name "Ukraine" in South Carpathia*. Dr. Barvins'kyj shows by records as early as the seventeenth century (e.g., *Ukraina Wegierska*, "The Hungarian Ukraine," 1619, and *Ukraina Munkacsiensis*, "The Ukraine of Munkacs," 1662, etc.) that the term Ukraine was already being freely applied to the Ukrainian-speaking region south and west of the Carpathians.

In the "Slavistica" series of the Academy, volume no. 13 is *Hohol's Ukrainian Background* by P. Fylypovych in which the thoroughly Ukrainian origin of this novelist (Russianized as "Gogol") is abundantly documented. In no. 14, *Common English Loan Words in East European Languages*, Watson Kirkconnell dredges through the *Ukrainisch-Deutsches Woerterbuch* (Leipzig, 1943) of Kuzela and Rudnyc'kyj and finds about 150 loan words from English in Ukrainian. This record is then cross-checked with dictionaries in Russian, Magyar, Czech, Polish, Croatian, Lithuanian, and German, to see whether the loans represent a general English legacy to Eastern Europe. The commonest categories of borrowing are sport, industry, science, clothing, food, and drink. Volume no. 15 is Professor Rudnyc'kyj's *Slavica Canadiana A.D. 1951*, a selected bibliography of Slavic books and pamphlets published in or relating to Canada.

In still another category, the "Ukrainian Scholars" series of the Academy, Volume 3 is Juryj Sherekh's *Kost' Mykhal'chuk*, the study of a learned Ukrainian dialectologist (1840-1914) and the principles by which he dealt with historical problems of Ukrainian phonetics and morphology.

Professor Rudnyc'kyj has compiled and edited a substantial little volume of *Readings in Russian Folklore* for his classes in the University of Manitoba. It constitutes an admirable introduction not merely to the language but also to the various types of folk-lore: anecdotes, short stories, tales, riddles, proverbs, magic formulas, songs, carols, laments, and bylinas. He has also published papers on the Old Church Slavonic language and on the progress of a Slavic Linguistic Atlas of Canada and the United States.

A lengthy and detailed "linguistic monograph" entitled *The Ukrainian Literary Accent* has been published by the Metropolitan Ilarion, of Winnipeg. As Ukrainian lacks the accentual regularity of languages like Polish, Magyar, or German, a research volume of these dimensions helps to provide foot-paths in what might otherwise seem a trackless wilderness. Like all of the Metropolitan's work, it manifests unusual energy and scholarship.

The Ukrainians are justly famed for their folk-songs, tens of thousands of which were collected and recorded in the Ukraine in the nineteenth century. The Trident Press has now issued a *Songbook for the Young Lark*, in which Michael Kumka has edited some 143 songs, with music, for the use of young Ukrainian-Canadians. A 144th item is "O Canada!" in very singable Ukrainian, but the mass of the book is made up of charming little folk-songs on "The Quail," "The Sparrow in Winter," "The Cuckoo," "The Mill," "The Drizzle," "The Little Vixen," "The Little Clock," "The Young Shepherd," and the like. An appendix gives instructions for Ukrainian folk-dances, with diagrams.

Intended more for adult readers is Paul Macenko's scholarly little brochure on *Old Ukrainian Music and the Present*, which deals largely with old church music, the music of Skovoroda, and the music of Kvitka-Osnov'yanenko. Mr. Macenko has also published his own arrangement of five hymns and songs for mixed choirs. More in the field of memoirs than in that of musicology is the first volume of *For Song through the World* written by the late Professor Alexander Koshyts and published by the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre in Winnipeg. This volume begins in 1919, when the Ukrainian leader Petliura gives his jovial blessing to the musical work of Koshyts, at Kiev, and traces the triumphal progress of the Koshyts orchestra of some eighty musicians through Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, England, and Germany during the 1919-20 season. Still another facet of modern music is revealed by Cantor N. Stolnitz in his *Renaissance of Religious Music*, a sketch of a remarkable recent upsurge of vitality in the cantorian tradition in Canadian and American Jewry. Typical of this new movement is the decision of the Jewish Theological Seminary to establish a "Cantorial Institute" in which a six-year course will lead to the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Music.

A really notable work in the history of music is Israel Rabinovitch's monumental volume, *Of Jewish Music, Ancient and Modern*. This is a substantial rewriting on a much larger scale of the same author's *Muzik bei Yidden* (1940), translated into admirable English by the Jewish-Canadian poet, A. M. Klein, of Montreal. By far the most

exciting part of the book deals with the researches in Palestine and elsewhere by which Abraham Zoi Idelsohn established the character and antiquity of the Jewish musical tradition: "Idelsohn was able to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the archaic parts of synagogal music—its cantillation, its prayer-melodies and certain elements of the *skarbove* tunes, already referred to, and also elements of the secular Jewish folk-song—hark back to an antiquity which embraces our Talmudic and our Biblic past; and it is this song of a wandering and exiled people which is its greatest miracle, and, perhaps, the profoundest secret of its survival" (p. 53). Rabinovitch is not interested in musicians of Jewish origin, like Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rubinstein, and Mahler, who have played a distinguished part in the development of European music. He finds no Jewishness in them and hence no relevance for his study. On the contrary he traces the real beginnings of modern Jewish music to St. Petersburg in the early twentieth century and the founding of "The Society for Jewish Folk Music" in 1908. He then goes on to trace the emergence of such giants as Salomo Rosovsky and Ernest Bloch. One whole section of the book (pp. 209–84) is devoted to the development of Jewish music in America and a melancholy postlude tells the tragic story of Jewish musical life in Poland during the Nazi massacres of World War II.

Religious scholarship in the Ukrainian community has been greatly extended by the founding in 1950, by the Ukrainian Redemptorist Fathers, of a theological quarterly named *Logos*. There has been a wide range of ecclesiastical contributions, all in Ukrainian, dealing with such topics as "Marriage Law in the Eastern Church," "Hora tenebrarum," "Literature and Faith," "On the Restoration of True Peace on Earth," "The Most Ancient Christian Monuments in the Ukraine," and "Ukrainian Pictorial Art in Mediaeval Poland," as well as substantial instalments of an impending book, *The Dogma of the Catholic Church*, by Archbishop Joseph Slipyj. Of a less technical sort, intended for the laity rather than the clergy, is *The Redeemer's Voice*, published monthly at Yorkton, partly in Ukrainian and partly in English. Half-way between the two is *Our Culture*, published monthly in Winnipeg in Ukrainian by the Metropolitan Ilarion. In a semi-popular style it presents not only theological articles but a great deal of scholarly material in the fields of Ukrainian literary criticism and Ukrainian history. Of related interest is a small expository volume, *Ukrainian Catholics*, written by the Rev. Michael Schudlo, C.Ss.R., editor of *The Redeemer's Voice*, setting forth compactly the history and rites of the Ukrainians within the Catholic Church. Here, too, may be mentioned the striking diglott volume

(Ukrainian and English) covering the consecration of Bishop Maxim Hermaniuk and the attendant pontifical divine liturgy with such stages as the Proscomydia, the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the Great Ektenia, the Little Litany, the Impetrative Litany, the Litany of the Catechumens, the Litany of the Faithful, the Cherubicon, and the Great Entrance.

A by-product of the Redemptorist press is *The Red Blot*, a well-written pamphlet on the defects and mendacities of the Soviet régime, prepared by the Rev. B. Osadec, of Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

Biography for the year is German and Ukrainian. Two substantial biographies have been published in German, presenting two pioneers of the Mennonite community in southern Russia. David H. Epp tells the story of Heinrich Heese (1787-1868), a Prussian of Lutheran parentage who took refuge from impressment in Napoleon's army in 1808 by escaping to Russia, where he became one of the chief schoolmasters in the Mennonite community and the author of a considerable autobiography. Vivid descriptions are given of his clashes with unreasonable parents and strong-charactered administrators and of the poverty which sometimes assailed him. Nikolai Regehr has also given us the life of Johann Philipp Wiebe (1848-1918), a conservative and highly independent farmer, whose life was a long struggle against the interfering and peculative officials of the Tsarist régime. "He was a declared opponent of veterinaries, agronomists, doctors, and not least the banks likewise. He called them the privileged murderers of the peasant economy." Biography on a much ampler scale is Wasyl Ivanys's full-length study of *Symon Petliura, President of the Ukraine*. This is more than a life-story. The author dismisses Petliura's youth in three pages and devotes the bulk of his research to the history of the years 1917-20 in the Ukraine, a time of incessant shifting of authority among the Central Ukrainian Council of Hrushevsky, the Red Ukrainian régime set up at Kharkov, the hetmanate of Skoropadsky, the White Russian forces of Denikin, and the Directorate of Vynnychenko and Petliura. In 1920, the Bolsheviks at last defeated the independent Ukrainian government of Petliura, who became an exile in Paris. There, like so many of the Kremlin's important enemies, he was assassinated on the street by a Communist gunman. More than sixty pages of the book are taken up with a history of *pogroms* in the Ukraine. The author assigns the guilt for these murders of Jews to the earlier Tsarist régime, the hetmanate, the Soviets, and the armies of Denikin, and in general he clears Petliura's reputation from the smears of the malicious.

An important historical document is a letter written from St. John's,

Newfoundland, in Portuguese, by Rabbi Haim Isaac Carigal, on November 5, 1773. This has been edited by David Rome, of Montreal, and describes the plight of the author through sickness and short rations during a stormy voyage of forty-nine days. From Montreal itself comes a pamphlet issued by the Canadian Jewish Congress, not only analysing the present complexity of their Montreal community but showing in nine diagrams its striking growth, by decades, from 1871 to 1951. Side by side with this should be read a "memorandum" by Saul Hayes on *The Nature of the Community*. He assigns a heavy task to Canadian Jewry: "Our survival as Jews necessitates the maintenance of our cultural and religious identity as a group in an active and vital form, while faced with the competition of a powerful, attractive and highly developed majority culture. . . . Only as conscious Jews by choice, and not merely by accident of birth and environment, can we survive and continue to develop."

The most weighty and substantial volume of the year in this section of "Letters in Canada: 1952" is Natalka L. Kohuska's *Twenty-five years of the Ukrainian Women's Association of Canada*, 1926-1951, published in Winnipeg. Profusely illustrated with photographs of the thousands of enterprising women who make up this nation-wide organization, the book gives us a most impressive record of their manifold activities in handicrafts, folk-music, literature, folk-schools, and museums. Their achievements in World War II were particularly notable. Among the many women leaders to whom tribute is paid in this volume are Hanka Romanchych, Sawelya Stechyshyn, Anna Tokaryk, Johanna Myhajlenko, Ol'ha Voytsenko, Dotsya Yankova, Mariya Tkachuk, and Anastaziya Ruryk.

Published two years in arrears is the imposing record of the Third All-Canadian Congress of the Ukrainians of Canada, held in Winnipeg in February, 1950. Here is a significant collection of political addresses together with the resolutions passed by this nation-wide gathering under the auspices of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee. These represent all of the non-Communist Ukrainians in Canada, just as the Communist Ukrainians are banded together in the "Association of United Ukrainian-Canadians."

Three annuals of more than passing interest are *The Way* (in Icelandic, issued by the United Church Society of Icelanders in North America), the *Annual* of the Icelandic National League, and the *Calendar* of the *Ukrainian Voice*. All three are issued in Winnipeg and all mingle prose and verse. Of special interest in the second is Dr. Richard Beck's tribute to the popular poet, Sigurdur Jónsson. Similarly, the most important items in the *Calendar* are memorial

sketches of Symon Petliura, Isaak Mazepa (1884-1952), Myroslaw Stechyshyn (1883-1947) and Taras D. Ferley (1882-1947), the last three being influential members of the Ukrainian-Canadian community.

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REVIEWS

THE ENGLISH LITERARY TRADITION* — ROY DANIELLS

Every plan providing for a series of annual lectures is made in the pious hope of preserving—even through the devices of fresh inquiry—a tradition. The Alexander Lectures have well served this purpose of those who laid down the foundation. Dr. Malcolm Wallace, whose contributions to the series in 1950–1 are here preserved, sounds in his introductory remarks the keynote of continuity with the past. He pays a moving tribute to W. J. Alexander, whose student he was and whose colleague and friend he became. They shared the all-too-rare characteristic of whole-souled enthusiasm for the genius of English literature, for them a repository of real values, a monstrance for the revelation of truth. As a consequence, these lectures, in a way that no others could, become a gesture of homage and perpetuation of the convictions of Alexander himself.

The lectures take us on a journey; we travel a via media, literature as an autonomous art-form on one side and life with its tributes and exactions on the other. The beginnings of the historical path of British tradition are dealt with in the first lecture. The Elizabethans, we find, were all more interested in life than in literature. Arnold's comment comes in naturally: "In the England of Shakespeare the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power." These Elizabethan characteristics appear now as permanent national characteristics, worth our while to preserve if we are ourselves to be preserved. "Drake and Frobisher would recognize their own breed in Scott of the Antarctic, Cecil Rhodes and many of our modern pro-consuls, who have shown the same capacity for exploration and administration." Britain's "poets have been statesmen and her statesmen have nourished their political capacity on literature." We need not believe that "nationalism is completely outmoded, that the love of our own land and of those whom we know best is incompatible with loyalty to a new world." In the second lecture the interest taken by such representative minds as Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats in ethical conduct and the business of government is insisted upon, with decisive quotation, in particular from the letters of Keats. In the final lecture the argument moves from pessimistic appraisal of some earlier decades of this century to a note of scarcely

**English Character and the English Literary Tradition.* By MALCOLM W. WALLACE. The Alexander Lectures, 1950–1. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1952. Pp. x, 78. $3.50.

chastened hope for the years of our immediate prospect: "Since the twenties we have endured the greatest of economic depressions and the greatest of world wars, but we have gained no access of wisdom." "Why in recent decades have we thrown up no great leaders of thought, no philosophers or poets who might have brought new interpretations of living to the people, who might have delivered them from the bondage of mental confusion?" Yet, regarding Britain, "On the solid rocks of character and past achievement, then, we may build reasonable hopes that she will go on to even greater things in the future."

The central and pervasive theme of the lectures is the celebration (not excluding Scottish, Irish, and Welsh writers) of the English literary tradition; it is a gesture of homage, a song in the confused night. The speaker finds great virtues in the British tradition and is not afraid to assert them in round tones; ethical and moral preoccupations are characteristic of this tradition; from a survey of the present position and possibilities of Britain comes a hopeful prognosis of her future. At every point the discussion passes over from literature to life, from opinion to personalities, from books to politics. This is as it should be. Many there are who will read these pages and recall the voice of the speaker in the classroom as he himself recalls the teaching of Alexander. They will vividly remember his delight in and incendiary enthusiasm for Milton, Wordsworth, or Scott, who came before us and rose up out of their own pages as men of like passions with ourselves but of a larger mould and gifted with a more beneficent sensibility.

To some these lectures may seem old-fashioned now that our most ingenuous love for an author must be concealed till the diagnosis of his sick psyche comes in; now that the new criticism has so strongly insisted upon the autonomy of the art-forms and their self-contained values; now that nationalism is disreputable except the nationalism of new states. These pages have indeed an old-fashioned air throughout: the wide sweep of their survey; the generalization unhindered by its qualifications pendant; the assessment of the modern period on the testimony of the thirties; the confession that the British way is the best way, though a characteristic British fault is to regard oneself as setting a uniquely high standard—for example, "The history of British colonization, and, indeed, the whole story of Britain's relations with less highly developed peoples, will stand comparisons with that of any other nation, however much we may wish that her more conspicuous failures could be eliminated from the record."

Yet the point of view presented is in truth perennially new. At this

moment, some two years after the composition of the lectures for public delivery, it seems more timely than before. Who can doubt that the British communities are now, as at the time of the first Elizabeth, experiencing an *élan*, an irrational uplift of spirit that takes its view toward higher peaks of conquest, concerns its mind with ethical and political problems, turns eagerly to the arts for an expression not of individual rebellions but of national resurgence? Of Alexander, Dr. Wallace says approvingly, "He was always more interested in life than in literature." That analysis of our twentieth century is shallow indeed that permits past frustrations to obscure the accession of fresh hope and constructive energy driving the quickening pulse of the fifties. The wheel turns and ethical and political values again mount their immemorial sign—for better or worse claiming the arts as handmaids and heralds.

ETHICS AND SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY* — DOUGLAS P. DRYER

The Gifford Lectures are the most renowned lectures in philosophy. On publication, some of them have been among the outstanding philosophical treatises of the century. In the present volume is published a recent series.

For three or four decades the work of social anthropologists has been attracting widespread attention. It has not yet been determined whether the scientific importance of such work is proportionate to the interest it has aroused. In the present book, Professor Macbeath of Queen's University, Belfast, selects four widely divergent primitive peoples, and skilfully sifts from anthropologists' accounts of each people what can be ascertained of its morality. From this he develops a theory of the general nature of morality, intended to be valid not only of any primitive people, but of any people whatsoever.

Macbeath finds that primitive men not only evaluate their fellows' actions and purposes in terms of established moral rules; they also reflect upon and assess the moral rules they find current. He contends that a primitive man considers a moral rule to which he is subject to be justified not on its own account or because of a divine source, but only because its fulfilment contributes to the way of life of his people. Macbeath argues that primitive man is correct in reasoning in this way. For the moral rules of any people depend on the institutions comprising its way of life. An institution is a pattern of co-operative be-

**Experiments in Living: A Study of the Nature and Foundation of Ethics or Morals in the Light of Recent Work in Social Anthropology.* By A. MACBEATH. The Gifford Lectures for 1948–1949. London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd. [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada]. 1952. Pp. xii, 462. $6.50.

haviour; moral rules specify to each what he must do to fulfil his role in relation to his fellows. Hence the functioning of institutions depends on the observance of moral rules.

A dominant thesis among contemporary anthropologists is that an institution of a particular people is better understood in its interrelationships with other institutions of that people than in terms of the institutions of other peoples which it seems to resemble. Instead of being deterred by this thesis from attempting a general theory of morality, Macbeath finds in the thesis the main clue to the generic nature of morality. An institution, viz., a pattern of behaviour, in one sphere of living is adjusted to the institutions obtaining in the other spheres of living of a people. Hence the requirement contained in any moral rule to which a person is subject cannot be understood by taking the rule in isolation, but only by taking account of the other rules to which he is also subject. When this is done it will be found that each rule is less universal in what it exacts than would otherwise appear, and that what seems to be the same rule among different peoples actually contains different requirements.

It is therefore with reason, Macbeath urges, that a primitive man deems a moral rule to stand in need of justification not in isolation, but according as it furthers, with other rules, the way of life of his people. Similarly, a primitive man does not regard any ends by themselves as intrinsically good. He conceives those ends to be morally justified the realization of which is in conformity with his people's way of life. The way of life of any given people Macbeath conceives as an experiment on the part of that people to devise a fabric of institutions which will achieve the maximum satisfaction of the diverse wants of its different members and the wants competing within each person. The way of life of one people is superior to that of another if it more fully achieves this. Macbeath holds, however, that this principle is too abstract to serve anyone in reflecting on morality. He therefore argues that primitive man is correct in assessing rules and ends of conduct wholly by their coherence with the positive morality, viz., the distinctive way of life, of his own people. By arguing that the mentality of primitive men is the same as that of other men, Macbeath concludes that civilized men can use no other criterion in moral reflection, even though superior enlightenment enables them to apply it more effectively.

Macbeath's primary aim, however, is not to substantiate a theory of morality by anthropological data, but to use this theory to establish certain basic conclusions in ethics. The chief conclusions which he draws are that there are no sorts of actions which are invariably right and that there is nothing which is worth realizing for its own sake. No

one is warranted in considering an action right unless he finds that it promotes the way of life of his people; no one is justified in deeming anything to be good unless it proves to be an activity in conformity with the morality of his people.

These conclusions Macbeath utterly fails to substantiate. Even if he is correct in contending that no ends which conform with morality are intrinsically good, he does not succeed in showing that nothing can be intrinsically good. In fact, there are two sorts of things to which Macbeath himself ascribes intrinsic value: any harmonious satisfaction of a set of competing desires, and anyone's doing what he believes to be right from the conviction that it is right. Moreover, even if he is correct in holding that a man's action is moral only if it furthers the way of life of his people, Macbeath fails to show that *only* what is moral is right or that whatever is moral is right.

Macbeath's ethical position is analogous to the doctrine that those actions are right which conform to the will of God. He differs from this doctrine in holding with Hegel that the social order is "the march of God on earth." Theological moralists waver as to whether God's will is the best guide for men as to what is right, or whether "right" means nothing but conformity to God's will. In like fashion Macbeath vacillates between the view that the morality of one's people offers one the best guide for ascertaining what is right, and the view that "right" can only mean conformity to the morality of one's people.

T. H. Green has probably had more influence on British political philosophies than any other thinker since J. S. Mill. In spite of the shortcomings in his main argument, Macbeath's book is the best written and most plausible formulation of Green's ethical doctrine which has appeared. He scraps Green's spiritualistic metaphysics and substitutes social anthropology as a foundation. The present book thus constitutes the most important attempt which has been made to use the recent findings of anthropologists for the light they may throw on ethics.

EMERSON'S "FAITH"* — GORDON ROPER

In this study of Emerson's "faith," Mr. Sherman Paul presents Emerson as a door-opener, as one of the reconcilers that each generation needs, and, if it is lucky, gets, and, if it is wise, heeds. The relation of spirit and matter, of man to nature, is, as Emerson wrote, "the

**Emerson's Angle of Vision: Man and Nature in American Experience.* By SHERMAN PAUL. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1952. Pp. xii, 268. $6.00.

standing problem which has exercised the wonder and study of every fine genius since the world began." And, as Mr. Paul writes, "What moved Emerson to undertake its solution for his time—what compels me to return to Emerson—was the spiritual uneasiness he felt when he wrote: 'We are as much strangers in nature, as we are aliens from God.' "

Recognizing fundamentally the "me" and the "not-me," and the gulf between them, Emerson felt his greatest need was to unite them. Mr. Paul's thesis is that Emerson created a structure of thought, of which "correspondence" was the most essential concept. Correspondence, to Emerson, meant "that the spiritual and natural universes share the same law; that although the natural is an imitation and therefore inferior world, its analogical identity with the Creator and the spiritual universe gives it (and the man who lives in it) a spiritual significance. He transferred the dualism of the universe to the mind. "The fundamental fact in our metaphysical constitution is the correspondence of man to the world, so that every change in that writes a record in the mind." Correspondence, then, is the manner in which God created the universe, and the manner in which he fashioned man's mind so that it was capable of responding to the dynamic emission constantly flowing through man from the Over-Soul.

Mr. Paul's first chapter, "The Linear Logic," shows why and how Emerson revolted against the linear logic, or materialism, of the eighteenth century, especially of Locke and the Scottish realists, which reduced experience to multiple facts and things. Emerson's belligerent imagination led him to a mode of vision that saw experience as made up of levels and platforms, a mode that was a modification of Plato's ascending dialectic; this was Emerson's "Staircase to Unity." The third chapter, "The Arc of the Circle," explores the relation of correspondence to human expression, which to Emerson was achieved through symbolism. "Spheral Man" examines Emerson's concepts of the polarity of man's mind and spirit, and hence the necessity of his living on prudential and on higher spiritual levels; hence also the need not only of him thinking but also of him acting on his thinking. The role of sympathy as a unifying force, and the problem of solitude and of society, are examined in "Friendship," and the concluding chapter, "Prospects," evaluates Emerson's attitude and concepts for his times and for the individual today.

Mr. Paul has concentrated upon describing Emerson's thought, or "faith." He has defined it by citing passages from Emerson's journals, lectures, essays, and letters; expounding these, he weaves them into a tapestry of idea. He has adopted Emerson's dialectical method of

attacking the central problem from various angles in a way that is designed to produce finally an incentive and a way. His book is descriptive rather than critical. Literary influences, biographical data, psychological speculation, the history of ideas as such, when used, are used only for the help they may give in defining Emerson's concepts and attitudes. This probably is as Emerson would have had it, for it is the dynamic spirit, not the word or the fact, that was—and is—the vital quality in Emerson.

LEIBNITZ AS EXISTENTIALIST* — DAVID SAVAN

In spite of the endeavour of many historians to recapture the past's own picture of itself, most who gaze backward into the eyes of our philosophic ancestors seem to find only the reflection of themselves. In recent years, existentialist historians have re-interpreted such figures as Bruno, Descartes, Pascal, Rousseau, and Schelling as proto-existentialists. Leibnitz would appear to be one of the least amenable of philosophers to the existentialist categories of anguish, concern, commitment, and crisis. Yet to bring him within these categories is the task which Dr. Meyer has bravely attempted. "We are anxious," he writes, "to discover the origin of our own predicament; the sole motive of our interest is a concern for the future of European culture. . . . [The subject of the present inquiry] is Leibnitz's philosophical commitment to his own revolutionary age. . . . He lived and thought in an age of crisis. He was impelled to reflect and to postulate philosophical coherences by contemporary events which, in spite of the passage of time, have lost none of their actual importance."

It is desirable that a work of this sort be made available to those who do not read German easily. Although Leibnitz did work of importance in almost all areas of learning and of practical affairs, in the English-speaking world it has been almost exclusively the philosophers who have studied him intensively. For the past fifty years, under the influence of the brilliant studies of Bertrand Russell and Louis Couturat, Leibnitz has been presented to us as a philosopher who drew his primary inspiration from logic and the natural sciences. The most recent and most representative selection of Leibnitz's writings, translated and edited by Philip Wiener, does little to change this kind of interpretation. Dr. Meyer's book will have served a most useful purpose if it stimulates the English-speaking philosophical world to re-examine its conception of Leibnitz's work and to approach him along

*_Leibnitz and the Seventeenth-Century Revolution_. By R. W. MEYER. Translated by J. P. STERN. Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes. 1952. Pp. vi, 227. 25_s_.

some of the many other plausible routes. It may even suggest to historians of politics, technology, economics, and general culture that they might usefully help the philosophers in the appraisal of Leibnitz's work.

Dr. Meyer gives us first an outline of the intellectual, political, and religious struggles in which the continent of Europe was plunged after the Thirty Years' War. This outline deals too much in generalizations and abstractions to be very helpful unless the reader (like the probable reader of the original German edition) has enough detailed knowledge to give the outline content.

The middle and major portion of the book is an analytical account of Leibnitz's personal involvement in contemporary events. Although a work of this size cannot deal exhaustively with the vast number of Leibnitz's projects, schemes, arrangements, and diplomatic missions, Dr. Meyer does give us a picture of some of the more important of these. Leibnitz's efforts to take an active part in the making of history ended almost invariably in painful failure. It is this intensely felt frustration and conflict which, according to Dr. Meyer, Leibnitz attempts to resolve by explaining it away in a philosophical idealization. The Monad is the philosophical symbol of all the contemporary varieties of self-assertion and sovereignty—the forceful men and women, the multifarious aggressive political units, the churches, the competing institutions and associations. The Principles of Contradiction, Sufficient Reason, and Continuity, the Pre-established Harmony, and the mirroring of the universe in each Monad, are Leibnitz's dream of a peaceful and universal order whose absence from his experience caused him great anguish.

The brief concluding portion of the book argues that Leibnitz's synthesis leads to an over-evaluation of the absolute sovereignty of the individual. The *harmonia mundi* can be found only in the logical speculation of the philosopher and not in the practical world. The defeat of Leibnitz's practical ambitions is reflected in his philosophical choice of the absolute freedom of atomic individuals and the denial of the existential commitment to a real and objective interaction with the world.

In sum, the thesis of Dr. Meyer's work is that Leibnitz was defeated by the conflicts of the contemporary world and its constant frustration of his ambitions. He escaped into an ideal world in which harmony was achieved subjectively, in logical reflection, and all genuine communication among individuals was denied.

It should be pointed out that Dr. Meyer's evidence for his interpretations is not always convincing or clear. For example, he contends,

on page 96, that Leibnitz sees the world as a conversation. Although he does not clarify this suggestion, it would appear to mean that the Monadic substances are seen by Leibnitz as holding a kind of ontic but polite conversation. Nevertheless, the passages in Leibnitz which he adduces in support of this view merely reveal Leibnitz's hope that once academic and scientific studies leave the seclusion of the monasteries, are communicated freely among all manner of educated men, and are regarded from the point of view of practical use, they will make rapid progress. This reviewer sees no support in the passages cited for the ontological suggestion of Dr. Meyer.

It must be said that Dr. Meyer is right in his central thesis. Any philosophy is in some sense the reflection of the experience of the man who gives it shape. Unfortunately, this thesis is supported in such a manner as to render it at once necessary and trivial. We may put the argument (never explicitly stated by Dr. Meyer) in the form of a dilemma: If some characteristic feature of a philosophy is also present in the philosopher's experience, then the philosophy reflects the thinker's experience. And if some characteristic feature of a philosophy is absent from the philosopher's experience, then the philosophy, making good this absence in an ideal world, is also a reflection of the thinker's experience. But every feature of a philosophy must be either present or absent in experience. Hence, any philosophy must necessarily reflect experience. True, but trivial.

Specifically, in the case of Leibnitz, Dr. Meyer argues that since the windowless Monads are the idealizations of the aggressive sovereign individualities of the contemporary world, they reflect Leibnitz's experience. And since Leibnitz's principles of reason and universal harmony are certainly not found in his contemporary world these principles are reflections of an ideal victory over his experienced frustration. This is really not a very helpful way to analyse a philosophy, although it may well be of use in understanding a philosopher.

"MONK" LEWIS*

H. S. WILSON

Lewis's *The Monk* is an interesting document in the history of literary taste. A sensational success at the time of its first publication (1796) and the most celebrated example of the vogue of the Gothic Romance at the turn of the century, both the literary fashion and the author of this, its most notorious production, were taken more or less seriously by Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Southey, Shelley, and a host of

*Matthew G. Lewis, *The Monk*. Original text, variant readings, and "A Note on the Text," by LOUIS F. PECK. Introduction by JOHN BERRYMAN. New York: Grove Press. 1952. Pp. 445. $4.75.

contemporary readers. Now it is nothing more than a literary curiosity. The author of the enthusiastic introduction to the present edition makes as good a case as he can for the literary merits of this best-seller of an earlier age: "The point [of the story] is to conduct a remarkable man utterly to damnation. It is surprising, after all, how *long* it takes—how *difficult* it is—to be certain of damnation. This was Lewis's main insight, fully embodied in his narrative, and I confess that such a work as Mann's *Doctor Faustus* seems to me frivolous by comparison." Whatever may be the qualities of Mann's work, which this reviewer has not read, we have only to recall Mann's great predecessors in the treatment of the same theme, or Thomas Middleton's *The Changeling*, for a measure of the superficialities of *The Monk*.

The tale is deficient in form throughout its earlier half, as Mr. Berryman admits, with its discursive interweaving of episode within episode, and the quality of the Monk himself hardly emerges until we reach chapter VI; the interest of the story then converges upon the study of his greater and greater commitment to evil. But the supernaturalism mingled with the study of Ambrosio's psychology figures only incidentally and seems arbitrary and discordant, while the psychology of Ambrosio strikes us as the eroticism of the youth of nineteen or twenty who was actually responsible for it. The daring of the book's horrors has long ago evaporated; and the style, except for the occasional graceful ballad interspersed, is undistinguished. Still, the book remains an interesting period piece; and readers in the next century may be as much puzzled to understand how we could take seriously such authors as Thomas Mann and Ernest Hemingway as we are to explain the impression made by *The Monk* on Coleridge and other discriminating readers of his day.

The present text of *The Monk* has been carefully prepared to correspond with that of the first edition by Professor Louis F. Peck of Pennsylvania State College, who has likewise provided a list of variant readings representing the subsequent additions and expurgations made by Lewis to pacify the shocked outcries of his more earnest readers among the ranks of the respectable. The format of the present edition is tasteful and pleasing throughout.